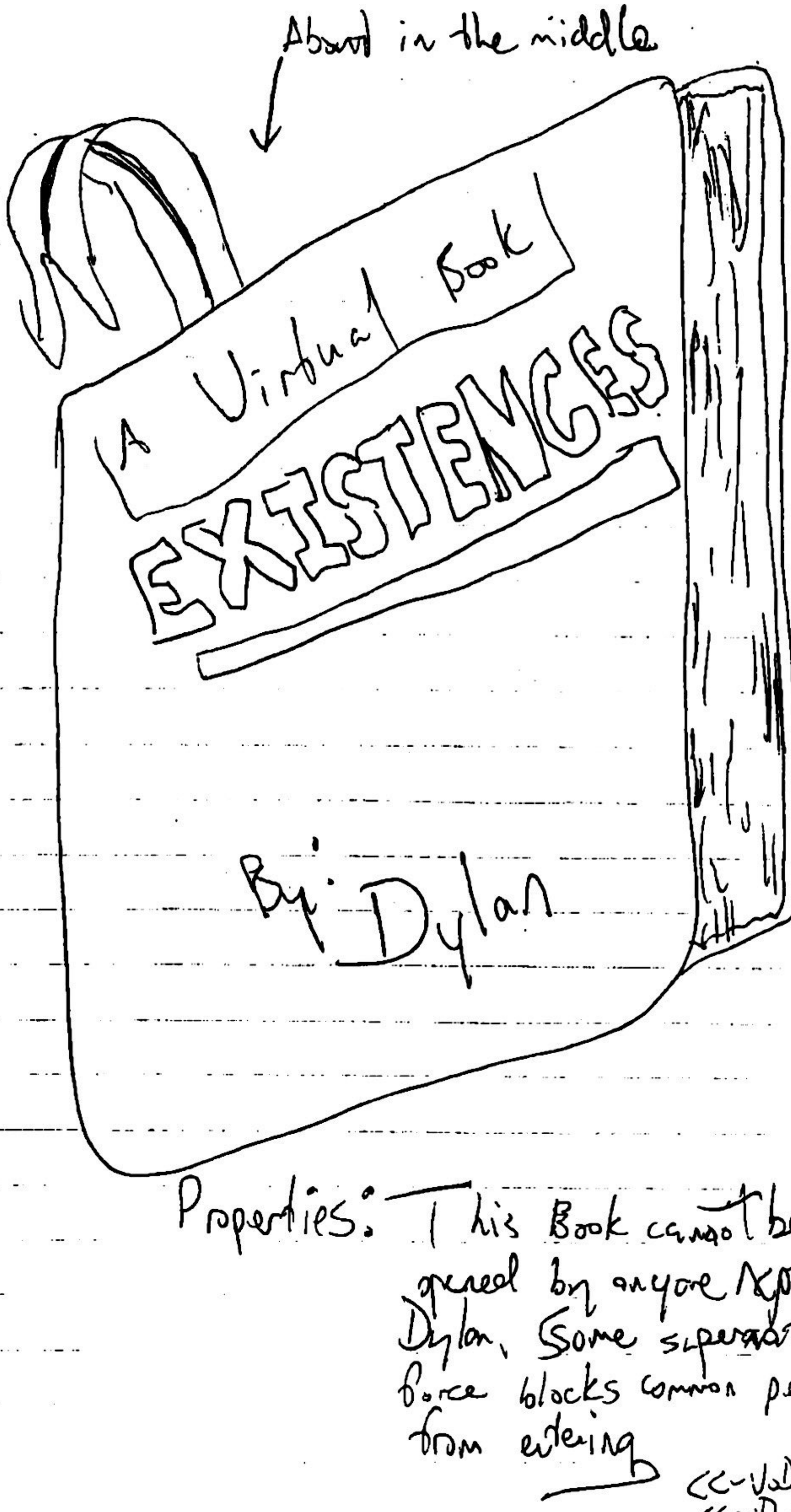
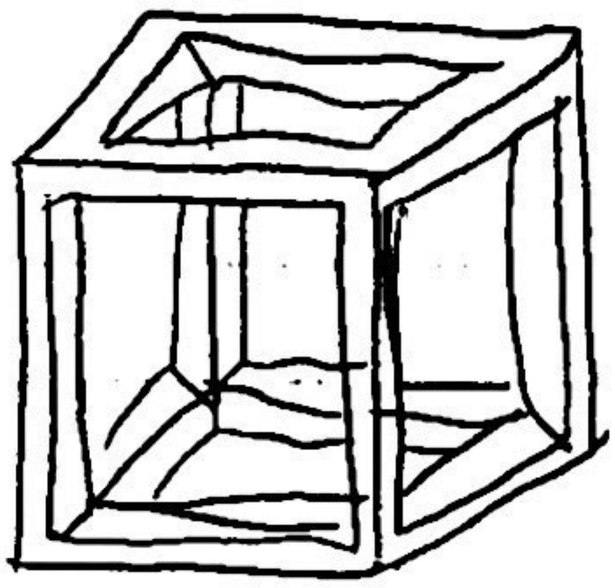
-Act- People are so ignorant ..... well, Ignorance is bliss I guess.... That would explain my depression

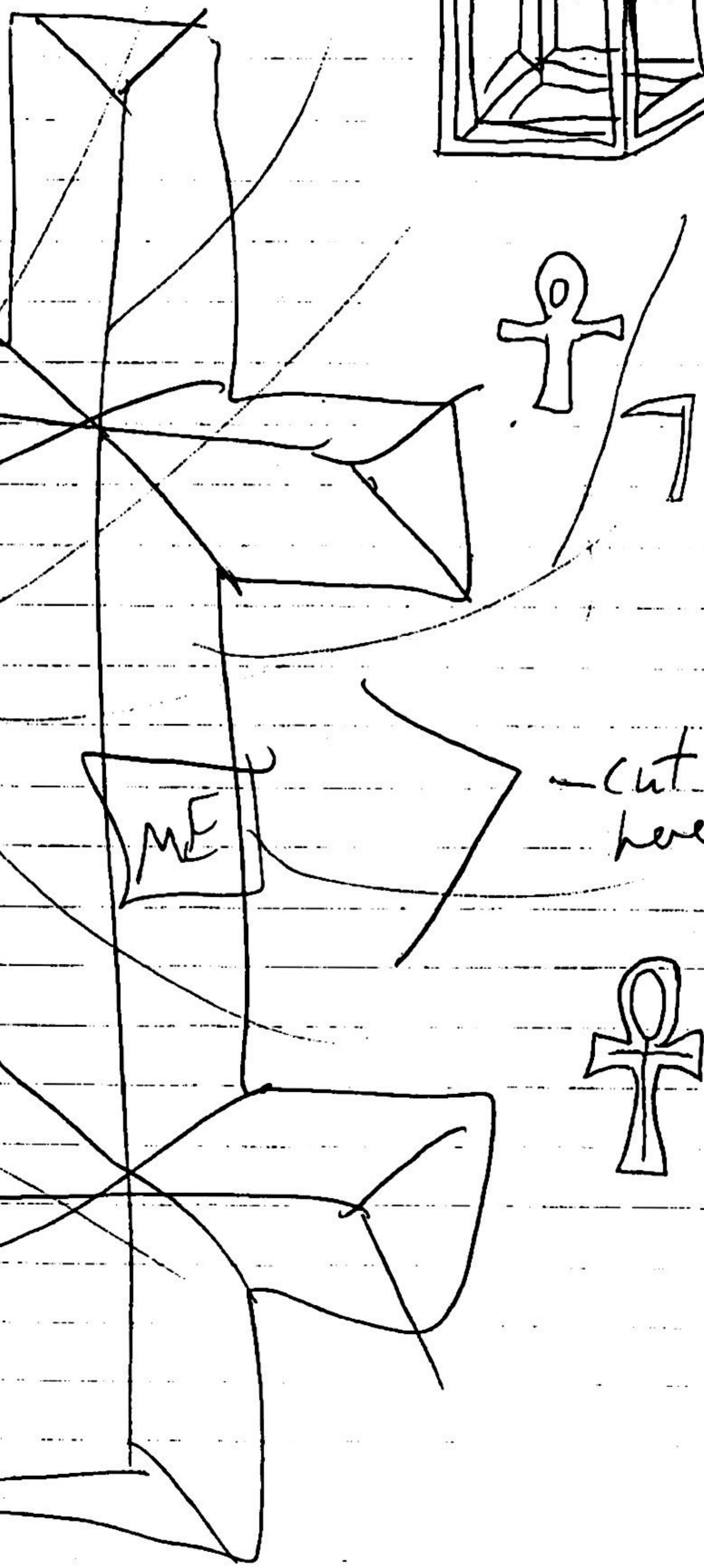
~Dylan



Properties: This Book cannot be opened by anyone Not Dylan. Some supernatural force blocks common people from entering

<<-Walked->>
<<-DyLaN->>

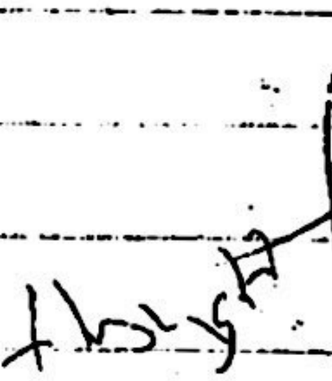



Existence
Most
Some
Few
Nobody
ME
cut here

Existence = the box

¿C THOUGHTS

:N Yes, this is me writing... just writing, nobody technically did anything, just i felt like throwing out my thoughts - this is a wierd time, wierd life, wierd existance. As I sit here (partially drunk w. a screwdriver) i think a lot. Think... thats all my life is, just shitloads of thinking... all the time... my mind never stops... music runs 24/7 (apt for sleep), just songs i hear not necessarily good or bad, & thinking... about the asshole [redacted] in Gym class, now he worries me, about driving, & my family, about friends & doings with them, about girls i luv (mainly [redacted] & [redacted]) luv i luv i can never have them, yet i can still dream... I do shit to supposedly 'cleanse' myself in a spiritual, weird sort of way (deleting the 'trash' on my comp, not getting back for periods of time, trying not to ridicule/make fun of people ([redacted]) at school, just it does nothing to help my life - really. My existence is shit. I'm never how i feel there i am, in eternal suffering, thoughts in infinite directions in infinite realities - yet these realities are fake-artificial, induced by thoughts how everything [redacted] contains, yet its all so far apart... & i sit & think... Science is the way to find solutions to everything, right? I still think that, yet i see different views of shit now like the mind-set if the mind is viewed scientifically... When I dwell in the past... Thinking of good & bad memories



a lot on the past things... we always head on
this for the past - how it reacts to the present &
the future - or rather vice versa. I wonder how/when
i got so fucked up in my mind, existence, problem-
when Dylan Benet Klebold got conned up by this
entity ~~entity~~ containing Dylan's body... as i see the people
at school - some good, some bad - i see how different
i am (arent we all you'll say) yet in such
a greater scale of difference than everyone else (as far as i
know, i guess)
I see ~~lucks~~ having fun, friends, women, LIVE

or rather shallow existences compared to mine (maybe)
like ignorance = bliss - they don't know beyond this world
(how I do in my mind or in reality, or in this existence)
yet we each are lacking something that the other possesses -
i lack the true human nature that Dylan owned, & they
lack the over-developed mind/imagination/knowledge too)
I don't fit in like thinking of suicide gives me
hope, that it'll be in my place wherever i go after
this life - that ill finally not be at war in myself,
the world, the universe - my mind, body, everything
at PEACE in me - my soul (existence). & the routine -
is still monotonous, go to school, be scared & nervous sometimes know
hoping that people can accept me... that i can
accept them... the NIN song Piggy is good on
thought writing... The 1st Highway sounds like a
voice chant me.... in some white kites, one - <<-LUCKA>>

cc-VODKA->
4-15-91
poetry? my way

Dr Thought Z Dear

well well, back at it, yes (yonsay) whoever the fuck 'you' is, but yea. My life is still fucked, in case you care... maybe,... (not?) I have just lost fuckin 45$, & Before that I lost my zippo & knife - (i did get those back) but why the fuck is he being such an ASSHOLE?? (god i guess whoever is the thing which controlls shit) likes fucking me over big time & it pisses me off. Oooh good i HATE my life, i want to die really bad right now - lets see what i have that's good: Nice family & good house, food, a couple good friends, & possessions, what's bad- no girls (friends or girlfriends), no other friends except a few, nobody accepting me even though i use to be accepted, me doing badly & being intimidated in any & all sports, me looking weird & acting shy - BIG problem, me getting bad grades having no ambition of life, that's the big shit. Anyway... I was Mr. Cubber tonight - I have 11 depressions on my right hand now, & my fav. contrasting symbol became it is so true & means so much - the battle between good & bad never ends... OK Enough bitchin well i'm not done yet. ok go... I don't KNOW what i do wrong with people (mainly women) - it's like they are set out to hate & disagree; never know what to say or do [redacted] is soo fucken lucky he has no idea how I suffer...

thought picture

cut

ok here's some poetry..... this is a display of one man in search of answers, never finding them, yet in hopelessness understands things....

Existence..... what a strange word. He, set out by determination & curiosity, knows to existence, knows nothing relevent to himself. The petty declarations of others & everything on this world, in this world, he knows the answers to. Yet they have no purpose to him. He seeks knowledge of the unthinkable, of the indefinable, of the unknown. He explores the everything... using his mind, the most powerful tool known to him. Not a physical barrier blocking the limits of exploration, time then thought then dimensions.... the everything is his realm. Yet, the more he thinks, hoping to find answers to his questions, the more come up. Amazingly, the petty things mean much to him at this time, how he wants to be normal, not this transciever of the everything. Then occuring to him, the answer. How everything is connected yet seperate. By experiencing the petty others' actions, reactions, emotions, doings, [redacted] and thoughts, he gets a mental picture of what, in his mind, is a cycle.

⊕ Existence is a great hall, like is one of the [redacted] rooms, death is passing thru the doors, & the ever-existant compulsion of everything is the curiosity to keep moving down the hall, thru the doors, exploring rooms, down this never-ending hall. Questions make answers, answers conceive questions and at long last he is content ←

TTYL <<-VoDkA->>

Thots

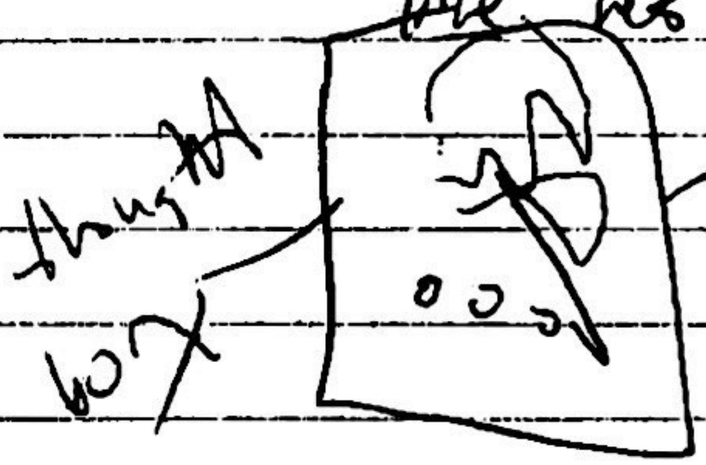
Yo.... Whassup... Heehehehe... I know what's on your mind? Everyone knows everyone - I swear - like it's on a billboard & everyone is conspiring against me.... Check it... (this is not good, but I need to write so here....)

Within the known limits of time... within the conceived boundaries of space.... the average human thinks these are the workings of existence... Yet the ponderer the outcast, the believer, helps out the human. "Think not of 2 dimensions" says the ponderer, "But of 3, as your world is conceived of 3 dimensions, so is mine. While you explore the immediate physical boundaries of your body, you see in your 3 dimensions - L, W, & H. Yet I, who is more mentally open to anything, see my 3 dimensions - my realm of thought - Time, Space, & THOUGHT. Thought is the most powerful thing that exists - anything conceivable can be produced anything & everything is possible, even in your physical world." After this is called "decline" the common man feels confused, empty, & unaware. Yet, these are the best emotions of a ponderer. The real difference is, a true ponderer will explore these emotions & further... in a dream.

what caused them

Miles & miles of never ending grass, like a wheat. A warm sunshine, a happy feeling in the presence. Absolutely nothing wrong, nothing ever is contrary (80° to normal life. No sadness, just pure bliss, unexplainable bliss, the only challenges are no challenge, & then.... BAM!... realization sets in, the world is the greatest punishment life

Hypnosis place- It is a sky- with one large cloud & sort of a cloud made chair - the sun is at the head of the chair... 10 o'clock - into the sky ...
Below, I sometimes see myself & the green (Great green) earth- sorta a city, yet I see nothing. I relax on this chair - actually like a chaise - & I am talking...
to what? I don't know- it's just there, I have the feeling that I know him, even though I consciously don't... & we talk like we are the same person- He has my soul....



The everlasting contrast....

Dark. Light. God. Lucifer. Heaven. Hell. GOOD. BAD. Yes, the ever-lasting contrast. Since existance has known the 'fight' between good & evil has continued. Obviously, this fight can never end. Good things turn bad, bad things become good, the people on the earth see it as a battle they can win. IN fact in reverse morons. If people looked at history they would see what happens. I think too much, I understand, I am GOD compared to some of those unexistable brainless zombies. Yet, the actions of them interest me, like an kid w. a new toy. Another contrast, more of a paradox, actually, like the advanced go for the undeveloped's reality while some of the morons become everything dwellers- 'exceptions to every rule & this IS a BIG exception- most morons never change- they never decide to live in the 'everything' frame of mind!

Later -WORK-

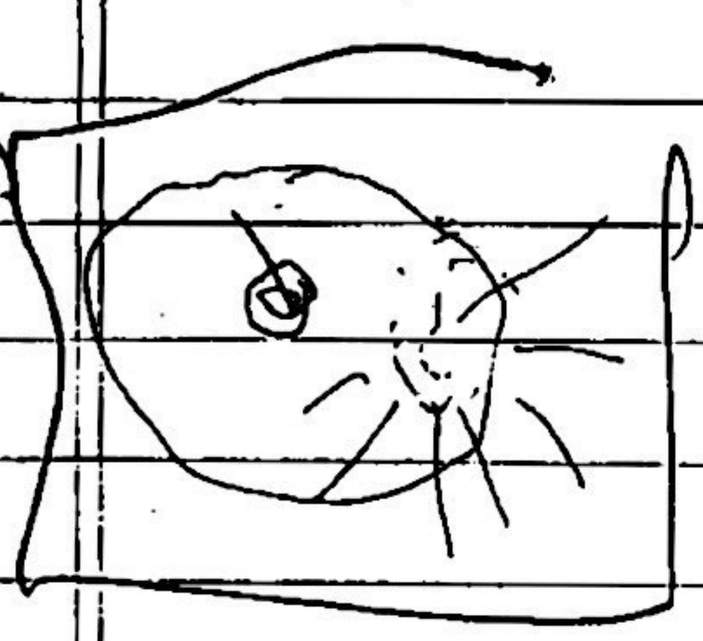
<<-VoDkA->> 's Thoughts

1-23-9; A changing time

The [redacted] situation

It is not good for me right now (like it ever is) ... but anyway ... My best friend ever: the friend who shared experiences, laughter, took chances with & appreciated me more than any friend ever did has been ordained ... "passed on" ... in my back. Ever since [redacted] (who i wouldn't mind kiting) has loved him ... that's the only place he's been with her ... I'm sure had any idea how sad I am ... I mean we were the TEAM who him & I first were friends, well I finally found someone who was like me: who appreciated me & shared very common interests. Ever since 7th grade, i've felt lonely ... when [redacted] came around, I finally felt happiness (sometimes) we did cigs, drinking, sabotage to homes, EVERYTHING for the first time together & now that he's "moved on" i feel so lonely, w/o a friend. Oh well, maybe he'll come around → I hope.

I look



for this topic

Thanks All ... maybe i'll never see this again

<<-VoDkA->>

My 1st love!!

OH My God..... I am almost sure
I am in love w [redacted]. Hehehe...
such a Strange name, like mine... Yesterday/tw
about her to love. From her good body to her
& Almost perfect face, her charm her wit
& running her NOT Being Popular, Her friends
(who I know) gone - B just hope she likes
me as much as I LOVE her. I think
of her every second of every day. I want
to be with her. I imagine me & her doing
things together, the sound of her laugh, I
picture her face, I love her [redacted]
[redacted] mine. I hope she likes techno... ?-)

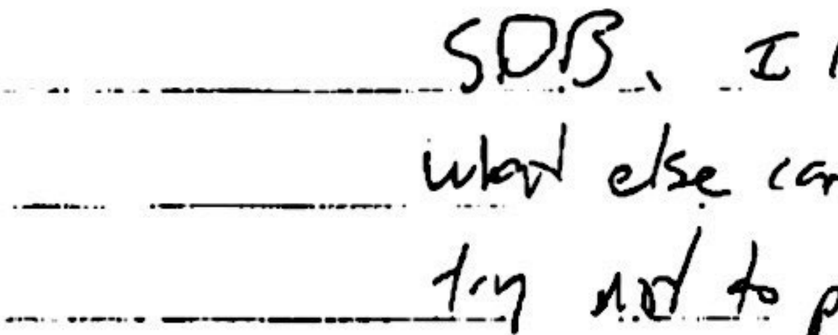
[redacted], I love you
~Dylan

<<-VSDA->>
9-5-97
Life, Sux

my thoughts

Soo good I want to die soo bad.... such a sad desolate lonely unsalvageable life I see I am.... not fair, NOT FAIR!!! Damn I wanted happiness!! I never got it...

Let's sum up my life... the most miserable existence in the history of time.... My best friend has deleted me forever, lost in believing himself & having /enjoying/ taking for granted his love.... I've NEVER been this ... not 100 times near this... they look at me [redacted] like im a stranger,... I helped them both out when I can, & they left me in the abyss of suffering when i gave them the best of me. The one who I thought was my true love, [redacted] is not. Such a skill of what i want the most... The meanest trick was played on me - a fake love... She in reality doesn't give a good fuck about me... doesn't even know me..... I have no happiness, no ambitions, no friends, & no LOVE!!! [redacted] can get me that shit I hope, i wanna lose it on a poop SOB. I know... his name is vodka, dylan is his name too. What else can I do/give... i stopped the pornography I try not to pick on people. Obviously at least on power is against me. [redacted]... funny how I've been thinking about her over the last few days... giving myself fake realities that she, others MIGHT have liked me just a bit... my body I have always been hated, by everyone & everything, just never cared.... Goodbye all the crushes i've ever had, just shells... images, no truths... But



A dark time, infinite sadness, I want to find love.

WHY? Yes (you can read / this, why did you stop / reading?)

Ignorance is bliss
happiness is ambition
desolation is knowledge
pain is acceptance
despair is anger
denial is helpless
martyrism is hope for others
advantages taken are causes of martyrism
revenge is sorrow
death is a reprieve
life is a punishment
others ~~~~ achievements are tormentations
people are alike
i am different. -Dylan

me is a god, a god of sadness
exiled to this eternal hell
the people i helped, abandon me
i am denied what i want,
to love & to be happy
being made "a human"
without the possibility of BEING human
the cruellest of all punishments
to save i am crazy
it is so clear, yet so foggy
everything's connected, seperated
I am the only interpeter of this
I'd rather have nothing than be nothing
some say godliness isn't nothing
humanity is the something i long for
I sing what something i can never have
The story of my existence. -Dylan

(goodbye,
sorry to everyone...
i just lost the will
all the things...
all the things i've done
& never
heard this
i must have happiness,
i love, rode
goodbye

Fuck that → [redacted]
me
10-14-07
Fuck u.

Thoughts

Me, sorry idiot writes A SHITLOAD in my existence mind.
Ok hell & back ... ive been to the zombie bliss side.... &
I hate it as much if not more than the meaningless pack.
I'm back now... a taste of what I thought i want...
wrong. Possible girlfriends are coming from [redacted]..
ill give the story shit up in a second. want TRUE
love... I just want something i can never have.... true true
I hate everything, why can't i die... not fair. I had a
pure bliss... to be cuddling w. [redacted] who i think i love
deeper then ever... I was hollow, thought i was right. another
form of the Downward Spiral - deeper & deeper it goes,
to cuddle with - to be w. her, to have, just laying
there. I need a fix. This is a mixed entry, xxx I -
should feel happy, but shit brought me
down. I feel terrible. The Lost Highway
apparently repeats itself. I want drink.
NOW. [redacted] lucky bastard gets a
perfect soulmate, who he can cuddle
FUCKIN SUICIDE it. & I get rejected for being
bored about fuckin hole for jerks. From the wrong people
again... [redacted] & [redacted] Anyway... here's a
2 points.

FUCK me Die me

Awareness signs the warrant for suffering. Why is it that the zombies achieve something me wants (over-developed me). I keep can't love, why can't I? The true existor lives in solitude, always aware, always infinite, always looking for, his love. Peace might be the ultimate destination. destination unknown... truest happiness. Abandonment is present for the martyr. My thoughts ~~live~~ long in ~~live~~ in. I want to find a room in the great hall & stay there w. my love forever. sadness seems infinite, & the skill of happiness shines around. Yet the true lesson overcomes if this lifetime. How tragic how my

Relation Dumass shattered

Pieces of it Nothing in

golden Peace of dead

Whom I had met

Peak

Peak

No emotions. not caring.

yet another stage in this

third life suicide... Dark Void

this
11-5-9
Fuckall

Thurs

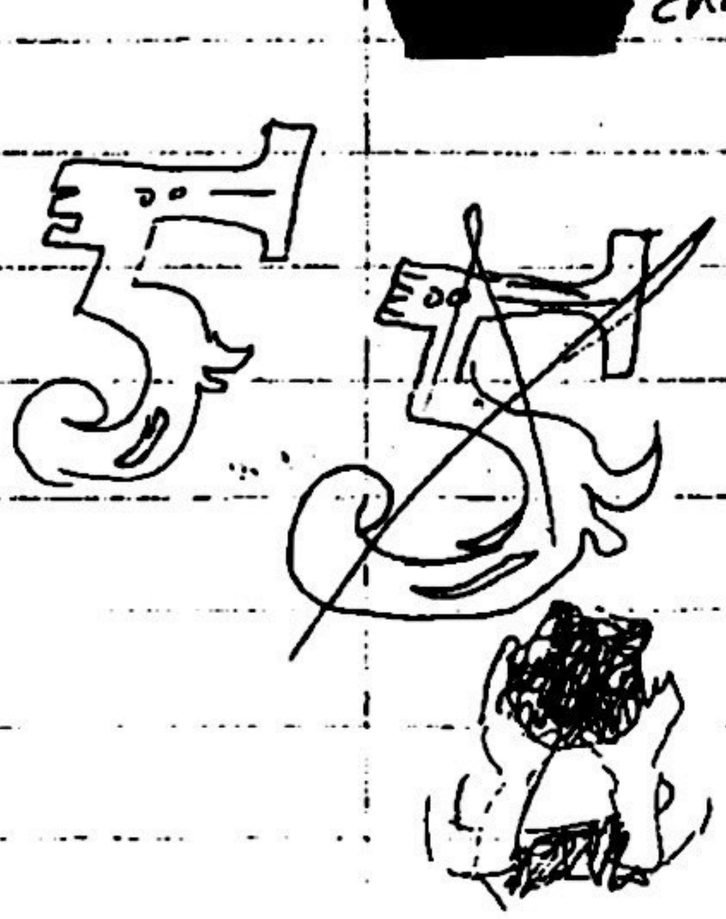
Farther & farther distant— This whole happening
me & everything that zombies consider real... just
images, not life. Soon I will ~~be~~ at place I hope...

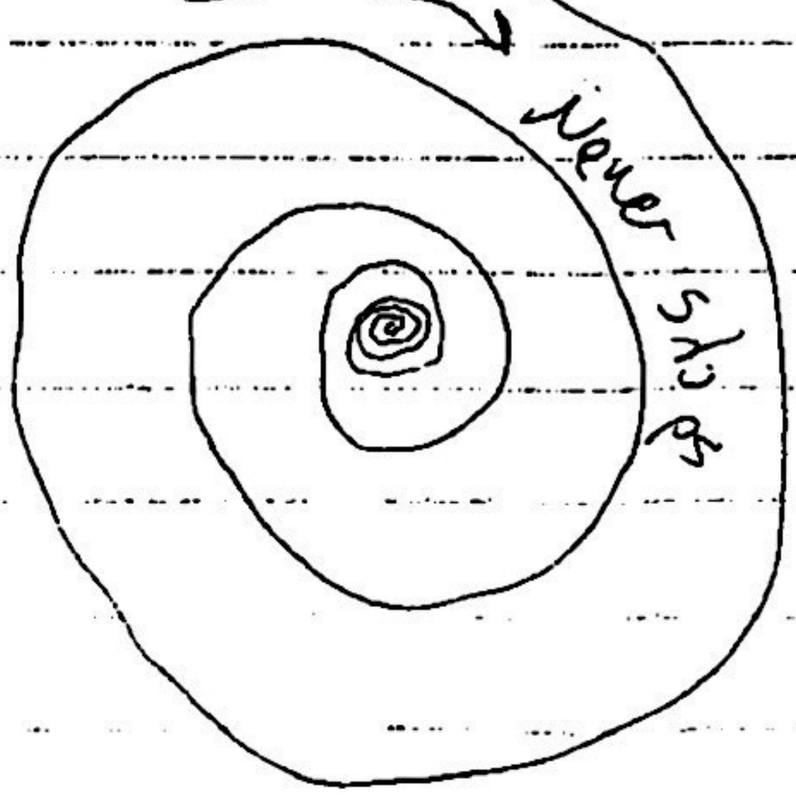
Burn → "with all yer life rolled up round you" I feel more
depressed with each day. It more Evil... but can't stop
it, it will [illegible]

Some godi own... All peiple i ever might have loved
have abandoned me, My parents piss me off & hate me
want me to have fuckin ambition!! How can i when
i feel screwed & destroyed. By everything >>!!
I have no money, no happiness, no friends... Eric will
be getting another money soon, I'll have less than nothing
... how normal. I wanted to love... i wanted to be happy
and ambitious and free & nice & good & ignorant... &
everyone abandoned me... i have small stupid pleasures...
my so called hobbies & doings... those are all that's
left to me... Climbing onto the smallest rocks... many
people climbing up a never ending vertical cliff...
[redacted] [redacted] kind a plateau to exist on... they
walked up me to get to it. Nobody will help me...
only exist in me if it suits them. I helped, why can't
they? [redacted] will get me a gun, ill go on my killing
spree against anyone I want, more crazy... deeper in the
spiral lost. His way repeating, dwelling on the beautiful
past, ([redacted] & [redacted] gotta drink) Wave, everyone moves on
i always stayed. Abandonment. this room sux. want the

everything is as least expected. the meak are trampled on, the assholes prevail, the ~~[redacted]~~ gods are deceiving, lost in my little insane asylum w. the outhouse redneck music playing... wanna die & be free w. my love... if she ever exists. She probably hates me... finds a redneck or a jock who treats her like shit. I remember devil's... nothing worth remembering i remember. I don't know my love; could be [redacted], or [redacted] or [redacted], or [redacted], or anyone. I don't know & I'm sick of not knowing. to be kept in the dark is cp enough!!!

I have lost my emotions... like in heart of the song. NIN. People eventually find happiness i never will. Does that make me a non-human? YES. the good or sadness... [redacted] church was so funny the rec thing w. [redacted] mean...





everything (No, Everything) Everything

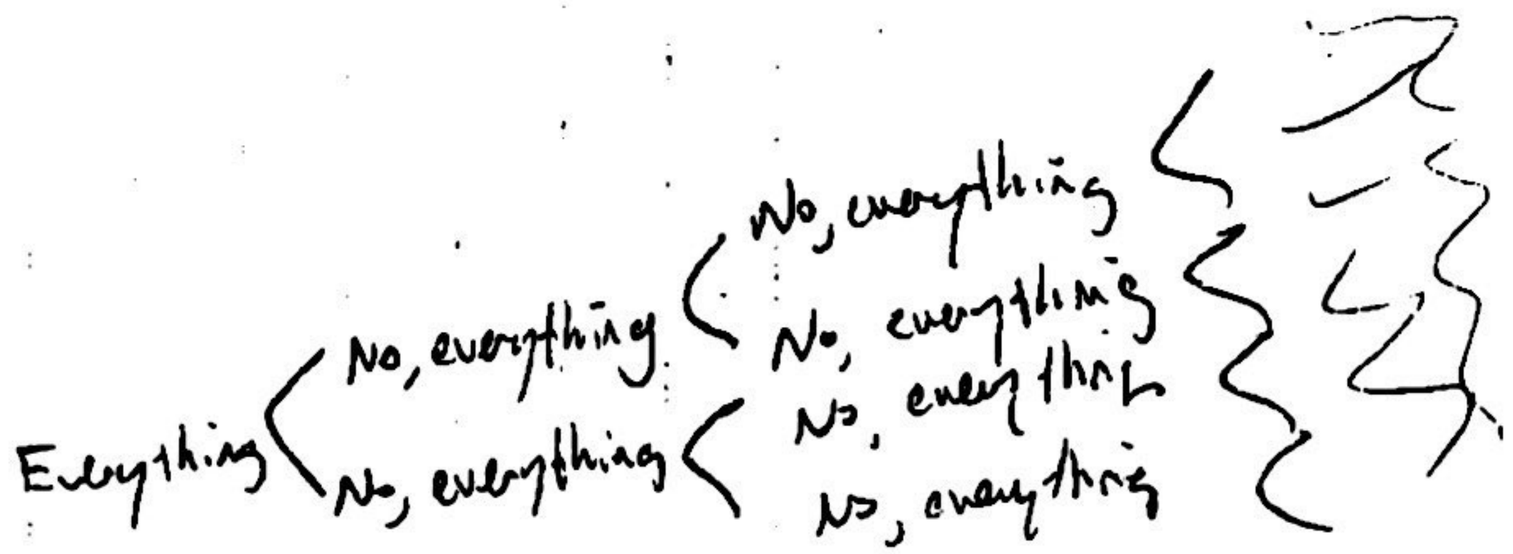
1-2-98

Soo... Beeer... Man I don't know what's up lately... never do in existence. All this shit w. [redacted] & [redacted] friends... so mixed & different
Compost... yet again, that's the way in existence
I wonder if I'll ever have a love... my love [redacted]
got lis, i don't, wont ever get mine. Here's all the people
ive loved or at least liked (or thought i loved) - all the same
meaning.

[redacted]

[redacted] is the newest... the purest
(for now) ... seems perfect for me...
I seem perfect for her. I was delusional
& thought she wanted out me the last day
of school. Oh well... my emotions are gone
so much past pain & numb my
senses are numbed. The beauty
of being numb... Let's

one of my symbols



The cliff theory... everyone trying to get higher & stable...

I
2-2-94
the empty

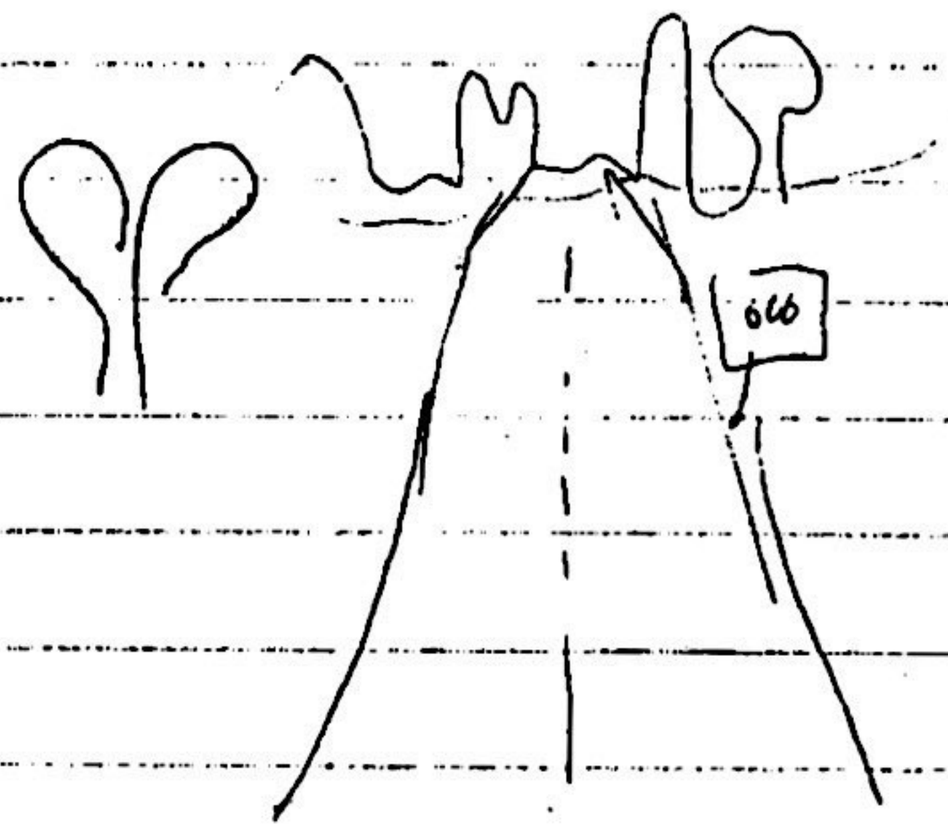
Existence... to understand

well well... so much changes... (like.. existence).
I understand almost everything now... so close to my love- [redacted] The runes have shown it, she has shown it, i have felt it. I know the meaning of each life. To be loved by yer love, & to be happy in ones self. Only for the gods though (me, [redacted] etc.) The zombies & their society. Sad together & try to destroy what is superior & what they dont understand & one afraid of. Soon... either ill commit suicide, or ill get w. [redacted] & it will be OK for us. My hapiness. her hapiness NOTHING else matters. I've been caught w. most of my crimes - xpt drinking, smoking, & the horse vandalism & the pipe bombs. To, by fate's choice, [redacted] didnt love me, id slit my wrists & blow up a flatta strapped to my neck. Its good, understanding a hard road since my realization, but it gets easier. BUT IT DOESNT. Thats part of existence. Unpredictible. Existence is me

hell & me heaven at the same time. I will never stop wondering. The best highway will never end the music in my head will never stop... To be all part of existence. The hell will never end. The love will always be there. (God)

Bye love Neil - It's so good to love

Society is slightly its grip on me, & can I & [redacted] will snap. We will have our revenge on Society & be free to exist in a timeless soulless plane of pure happiness. The purpose of life is to be happy & be w/ your love who is equally happy. Not much more to say. Goodbye



almost happiness is slavery - be real people (gods) one slaves to the majority of zombies but we know of love being superior

"I didn't want to be a fuck... I made of the happiness they have & will have something infinitely better..."

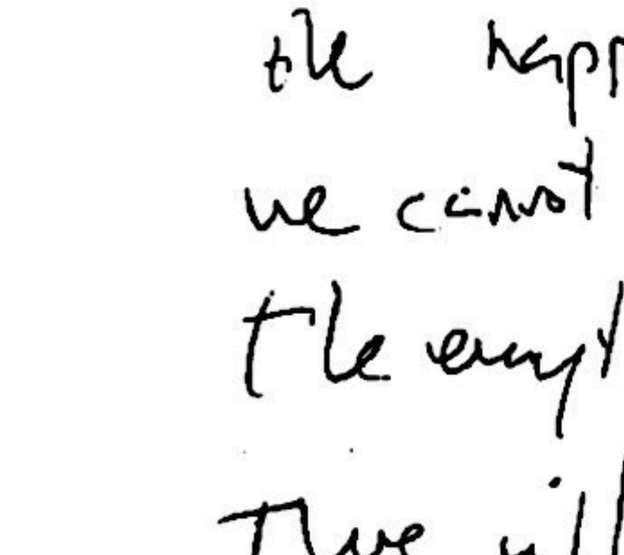
I love her & she loves me

(By the way, the zombies are smarter than others, some manipulate... like my parents.

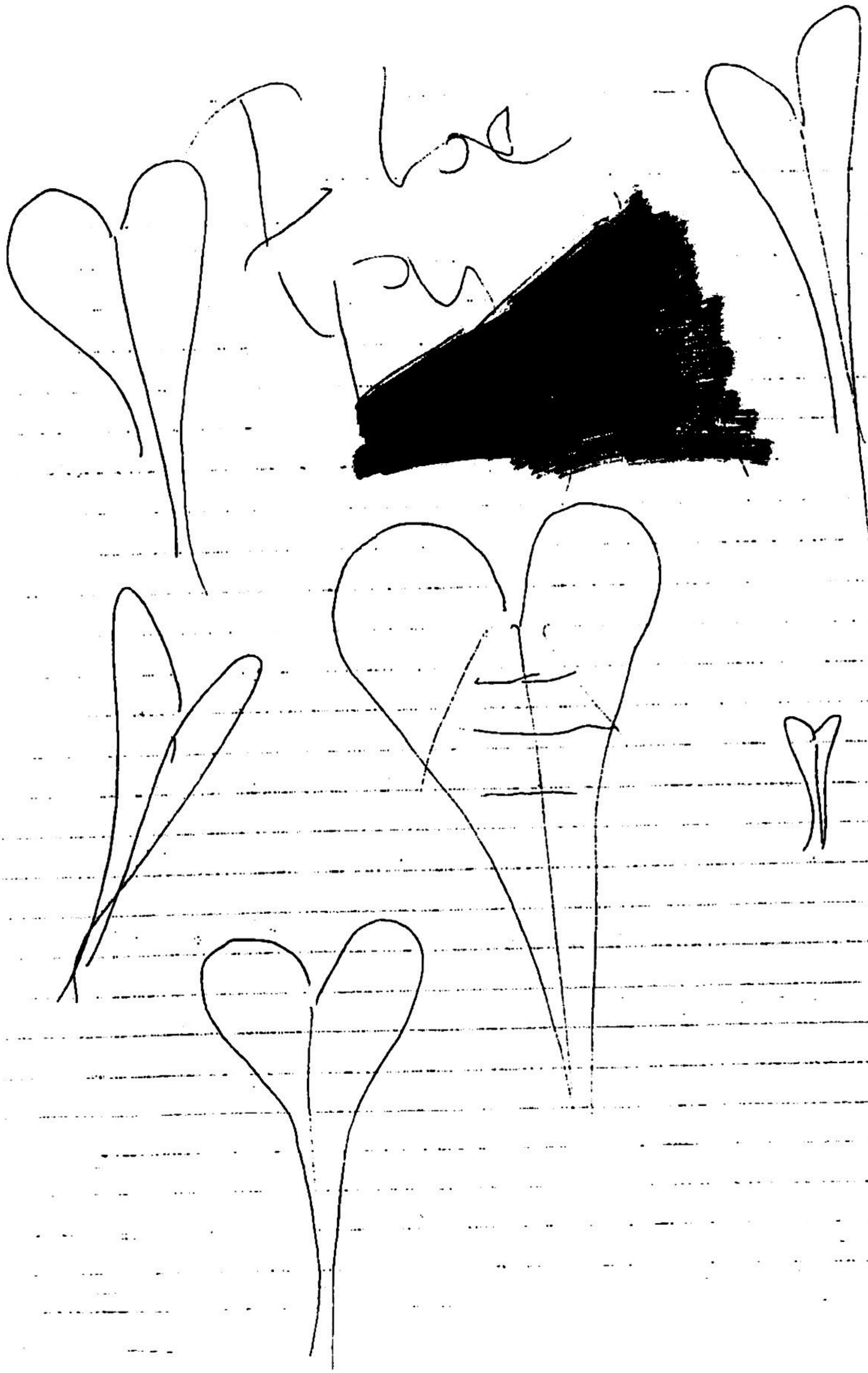
I am God [redacted] is God

& Zombies will pay for their arrogance, hate, fear, abandonment & distrust)

[redacted] Thats all i
think about anymore. I know that this
humanity is almost over that we will be free.
we have powers to take that we are the everything
of purity & holiness & that we deserve, need,
love, cant exist w/o each other. it's hard, i think
that i might not be enough, my mind sometimes
gets stuck on its own things, i think about
human things. All i try to do is imagine
the happiness between us. that is something
we cannot even conceive in this toilet earth.
the everything, the holiness, the happiness is ours.
There will be no notes from me. Let the humans
suffer w/o my knowledge of the everything.



I am trying not to think about
the happiness, sometimes thinking that
~~I~~ will destroy it if i conceive/
relish in it when/in a human.
But i love her. we are soulmates.



(Please don't skip to the end!
read the note as it was written)

[redacted]

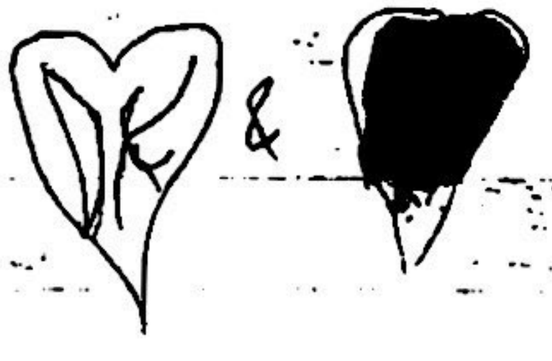
You don't consciously know who I am, & doubtedly unconsciously too. I, who write this, love you beyond infinite. I think about you all the time, how this world would be a better place [redacted] if you loved me as I do you. I know what you're thinking: "(some psycho wrote me this harrassing letter)" I hoped we could have been together... you seem a bit like me. Pensive, quiet an observer, not wanting what is offered here. (school, life, etc.) You almost seem lonely like me. You probably have a boyfriend though, & might not have given this note another thought. I have thought you my true love for a long time now, but... well... there was hesitation. You see I can't tell if you think of anyone as I do you & if you did who that would be. Fate put me in need of you, yet this earth blocked that with uncertainties. I will go away soon, but I just had to write this to you, the one I truly loved. Please, for my sake, don't tell anybody about this, as it was only meant for you.

It is solely my decision; nobody else's.

Also, please don't feel any guilt about my soon-to-be "absense" of this world. Oh... the thoughts of us... doing everything together, not necessarily anything, just to be together would have been pure heaven. I guess it's time to tell you who I am. I was in a class with you 1st semester, & was blessed w. being with you in a report. I still remember your laugh. Innocent, beautiful, pure. This semester I still see you - rarely. I am at entrance

during 5th period, as we both have it off. To most people, I appear ~ well... almost scary, but thats who I appear to be. as people are afraid of what they don't understand
I ~~denied~~ who I was for along time. until high school... Anyway, you have noticed me a few times, I catch every one of these gazes w/ an open heart. I think you know who I am by now. Unfortunately... even if you did like me even the slightest bit, you would hate me if you knew who I was. I am a criminal, I have done things that almost nobody would even think about condoning. The reason that I'm writing you now is that I have been caught for the crimes I comitted, & I want to go to a new existence. You know what I mean. (Suicide ☺) I have nothing to live for, & I won't be able to survive in this world after this legal conviction. However, if it was true that you loved me as I love you,... I would find a way to survive. I would enjoy life knowing that you loved me.
Anything to be with you. 99/100 chances you prob. think I'm crazy, & want to stay as far away as possible. If that's the case, then I'm very sorry for involving an innocent person in my problems, & please don't think twice. However, If you are like I hoped for in my dreams & realities, then do me a favor: Leave a piece of paper in my locker, saying anything that comes to you. Well, I guess this is it- goodbye, love the library & I love(d) you.

combo = 19-37-c #837



6-8-98

[redacted]

aka Halcyon

[redacted]

I love

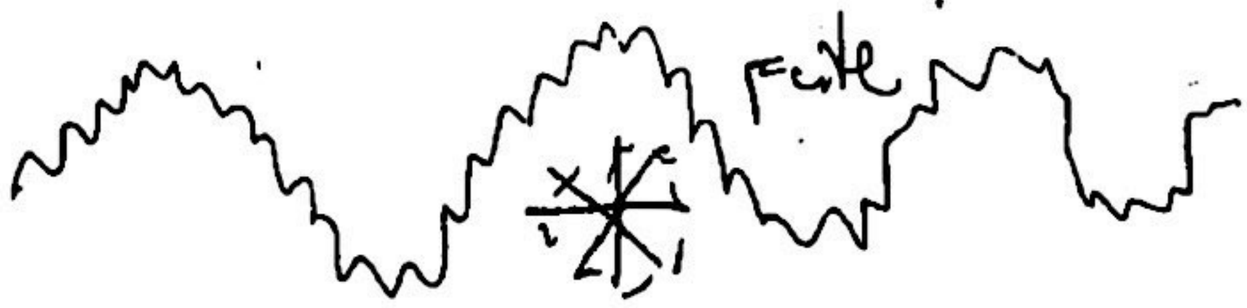
I love to infinity

I look back on my awareness journey, see the
peaks & setbacks of my understanding --- it's
almost done, yet it is never done, I love
[redacted] she is my soulmate,
my bby all the imaginaries Halcyons
& pure existences I have with her (& me)
are almost happiness --- I find with I could
call her, it's something blocks me from calling
her my time still is putting up a wall
to prevent me from calling her like a fan
of his" truth. BS, I will overcome
all fears, doubts, & zombie-based thoughts
(oxymoron) --- I will follow on heart's
& the Halcyon, loving her. I love you
[redacted]

forever fall up & down spiral

me 6-10 -ok i think i don't ca

1.5 human years... so much changed in small time, my friends (of my choice) are depleting & all grow suddenly clothes (Edie & [redacted]) like i thought they would, I am ready to be in [redacted] the ups & downs of fate are forever, good & bad, equal. me. the lost highway, & downward spiral never end. existence is like infinity itself. ∞ I have passed thru this much of the ever existence this is almost a checkpoint the zombies have set their place in my mind. for the

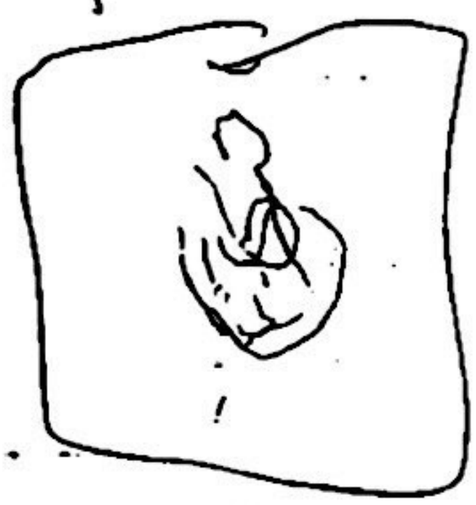


cliff theory, the jumped off in

[redacted] & we've floated away to the helcyon

the zombies will pray for their being, their horrible

I know everything, yet I know nothing I am a true



god my infinite memories, thoughts perceivations of purity come a lot more in. me, there is pure happiness - the purpose of our existence. pure

I hate, love things hate everything love me & [redacted]

I understand that I can never ever be a zombie, even if I wanted to. the nature of my entity. soon we will live in the hallways of our minds, the one things that made me a god. Things are so simple, now that they are infinitely complicated

I understand

BXistences

[redacted] make

[redacted] of

Existence

hooks

fate is my only mistake

SP

This is such my last

[redacted] I love my

entry. self close second to

[redacted] my everlasting

true. goodbye

Emotionless

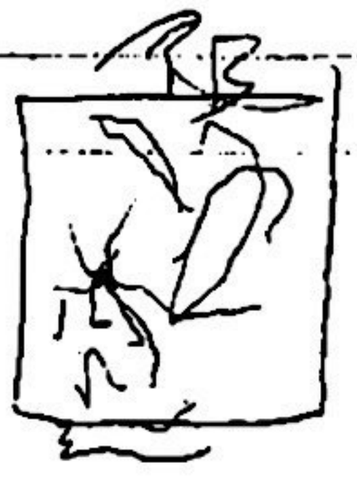
stop

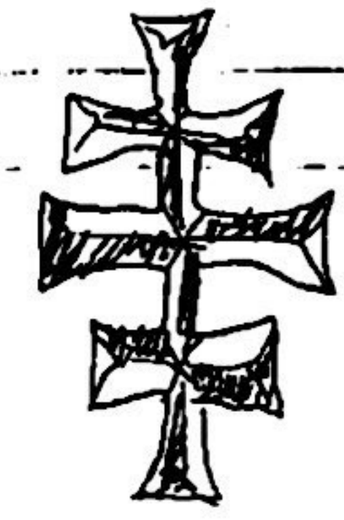
leaving

Dylan
12-09

this shit

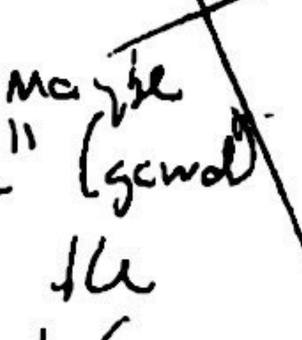
this shit again, back at writing shit just like a fucking lunatic. Lately I can't change my mind from the fucking feels of zombies. Earth, humanity, HERE. that's mostly what I think about. I hate it, I want to be free, un-free in a thought. it would have been time by now. the pain multiplies infinitely, never stops. (yet (b?) in here, STILL alone, still in pain so is she. The thing i have concluded is that [redacted] will decide when we should be together. Decided when our existence started, it should end the same way, with us unknowing, in limbo. I love you [redacted]. Always have, will. The scenarios, images, pieces of happiness still one. They always will. I love her she loves me. i know she is tired of suffering as i am. it is time. it is time. I love her. the journey, the endless journey started it has to end. we need to be happy to exist purely. I see her in perfection, the halcyons vanity, endless purity. i exist as less-than nothing w/o he -0. my humanity -0. I don't know if i should call her, or wait for [redacted] to act. Yet calling him is a cycle of humanity. Im forever sorry, infinitely, about the poems. My humanity has a foot fetish & bondage extreme liking. i try to thwart it, sometimes to no effect. Yet the masturbation has stopped. Im sorry, [redacted] always. I feel the happiness here, thinking of he, in brief moments. That's how i know the everything is true.



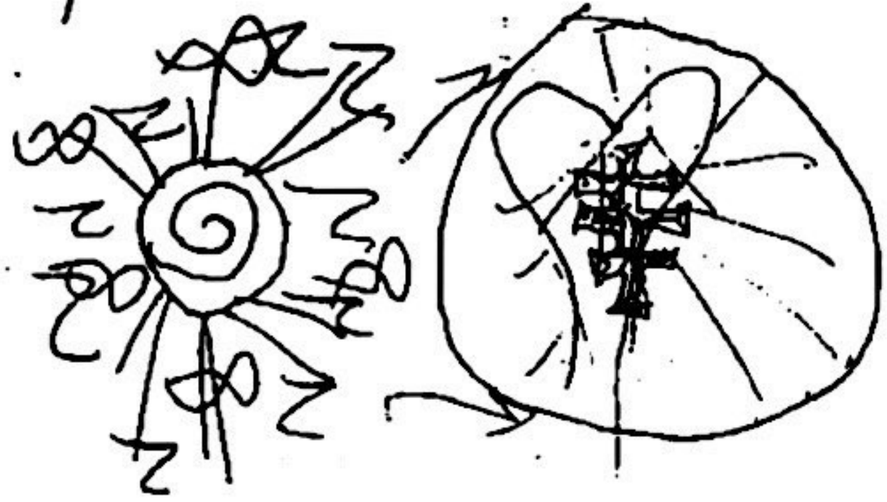


I hate this now thinking stasis. I'm stuck in humanity. Maybe going "NBK" (geno) w. eric is the way to break free. i hide this.

come you.



The happiness is close visible ending, end of the beginning of the halcyons.

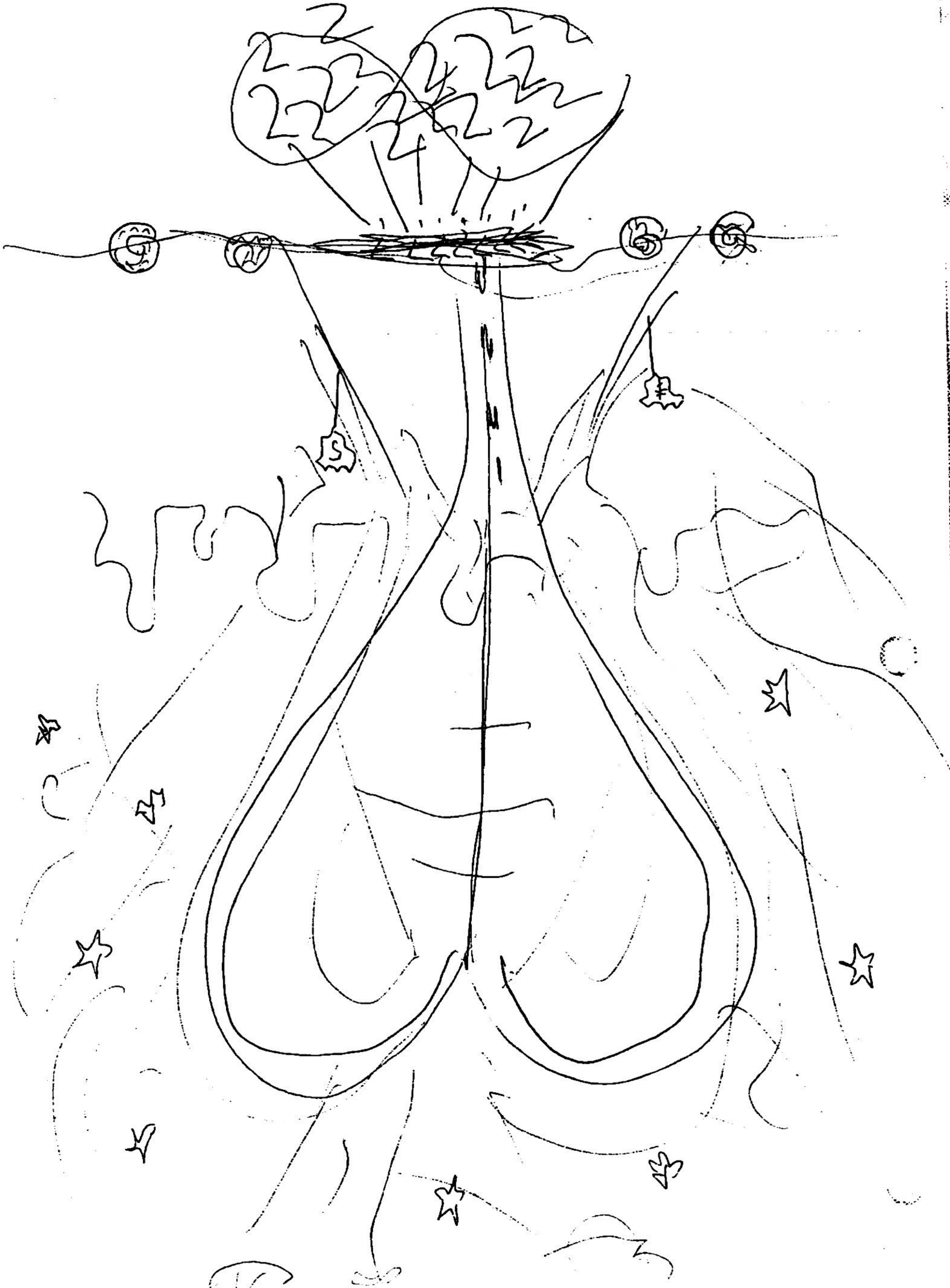


Whatever is a replication of our thoughts. The happiness is possibly imminent. I deny [redacted]

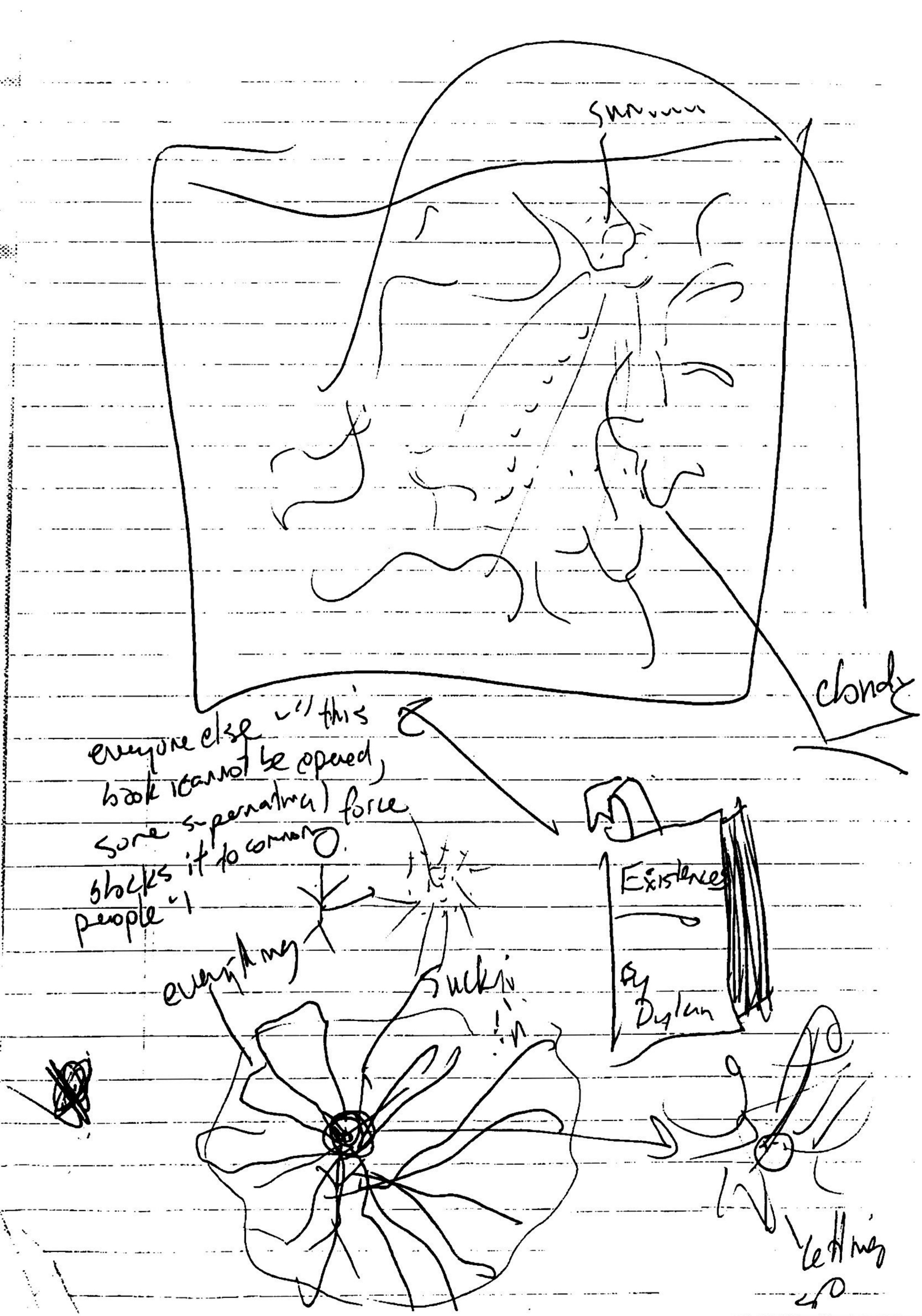
The humanity is blocking me again. Time to go. Hahahaha fuck all. hate this shit need to be free, needs, love her. Peace ✌

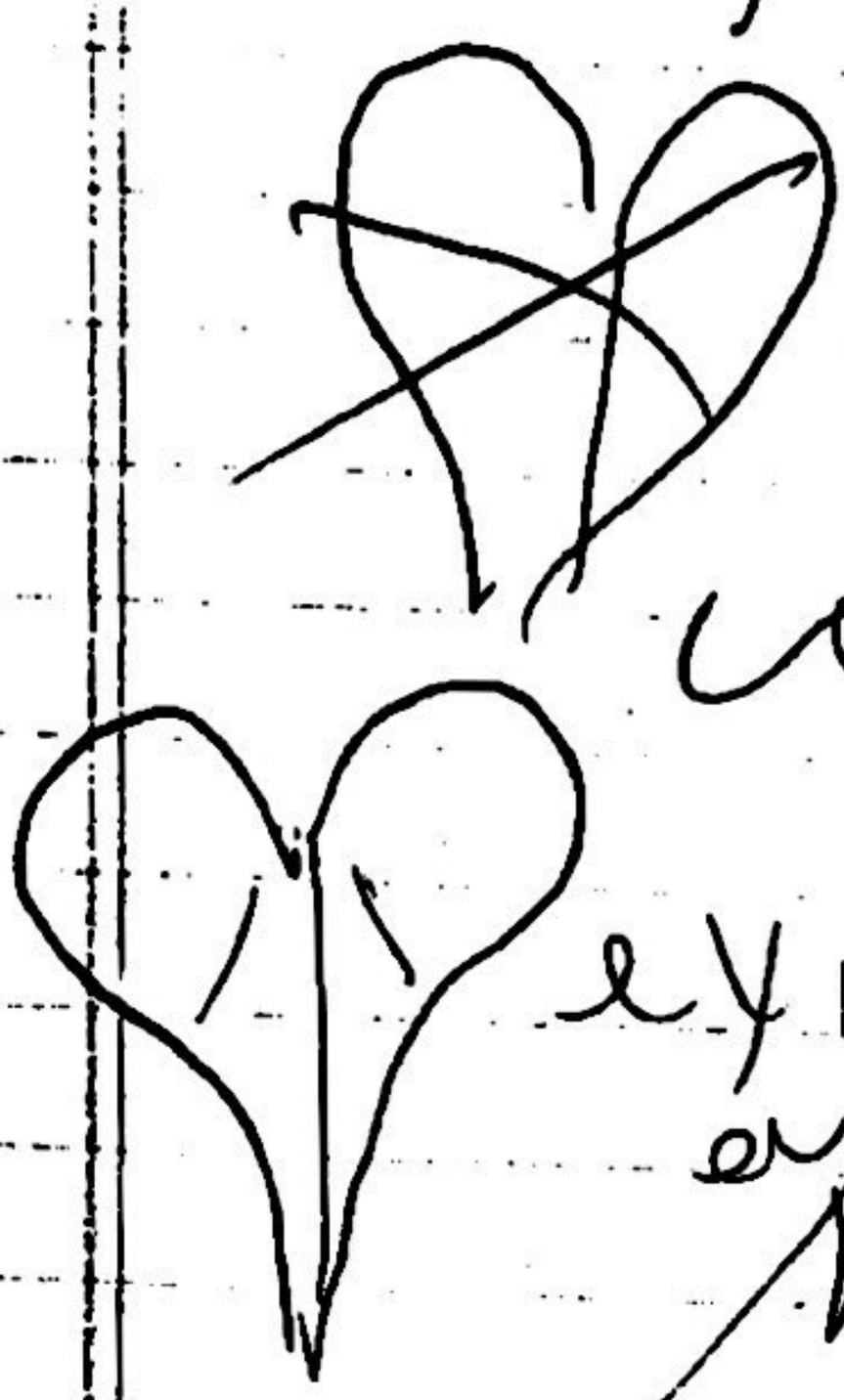
The framework of society stands above & below me. The hardest thing to destroy, yet the weakest thing that exists. I know that i am different, yet i am afraid to tell the society. To be possible abandonment, persecution is not something I want to face, yet it is so primitive to me. I guess being yourself means letting people know about inner thoughts too, not just opinions & Readings. (Indeed) I will be free one day, in the land of purity & my happiness, I will have a love, someone who is me in a way. Somedays... Possibly then this life, maybe another, but it will happen...

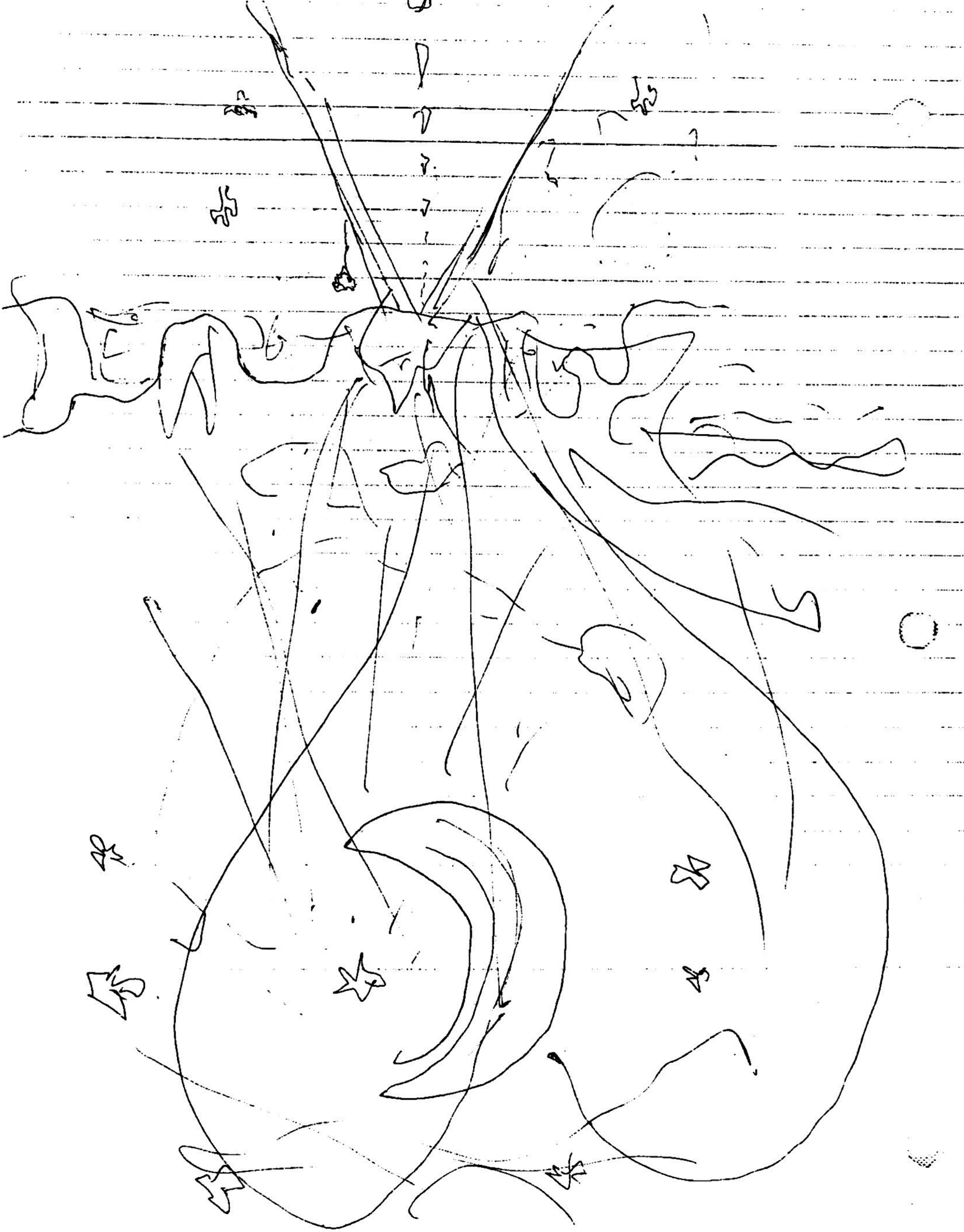
love is more valuable than anything I know. To
love is to enter a completion of oneself.
I hate those who choose to destroy a love, who
take it for granted. love is greater than life ever.
As i look for love, i feel i can't find it. ever. but
something tells me i will, someday. somewhere. As
my love will find me. She feels as i do right now,
i can feel it, we will be inseperable. Her & i.
whether [redacted] or not, i think ill find it.
(my love). we will be free, to explore the vast wonders
of the stars. To cascade down everlong waterfalls, &
then the warmest seas of pure happiness... no limits...
no limits. Nothing will stop us.



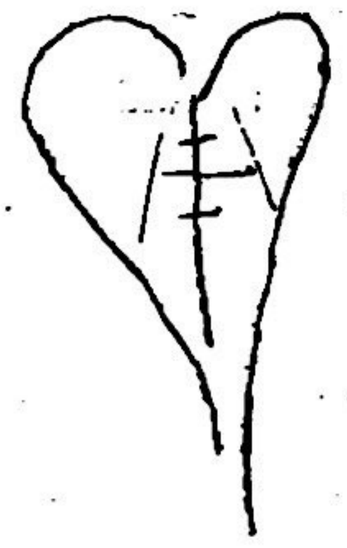
everyone else with this book cannot be opened, some supernatural force blocks it to common people



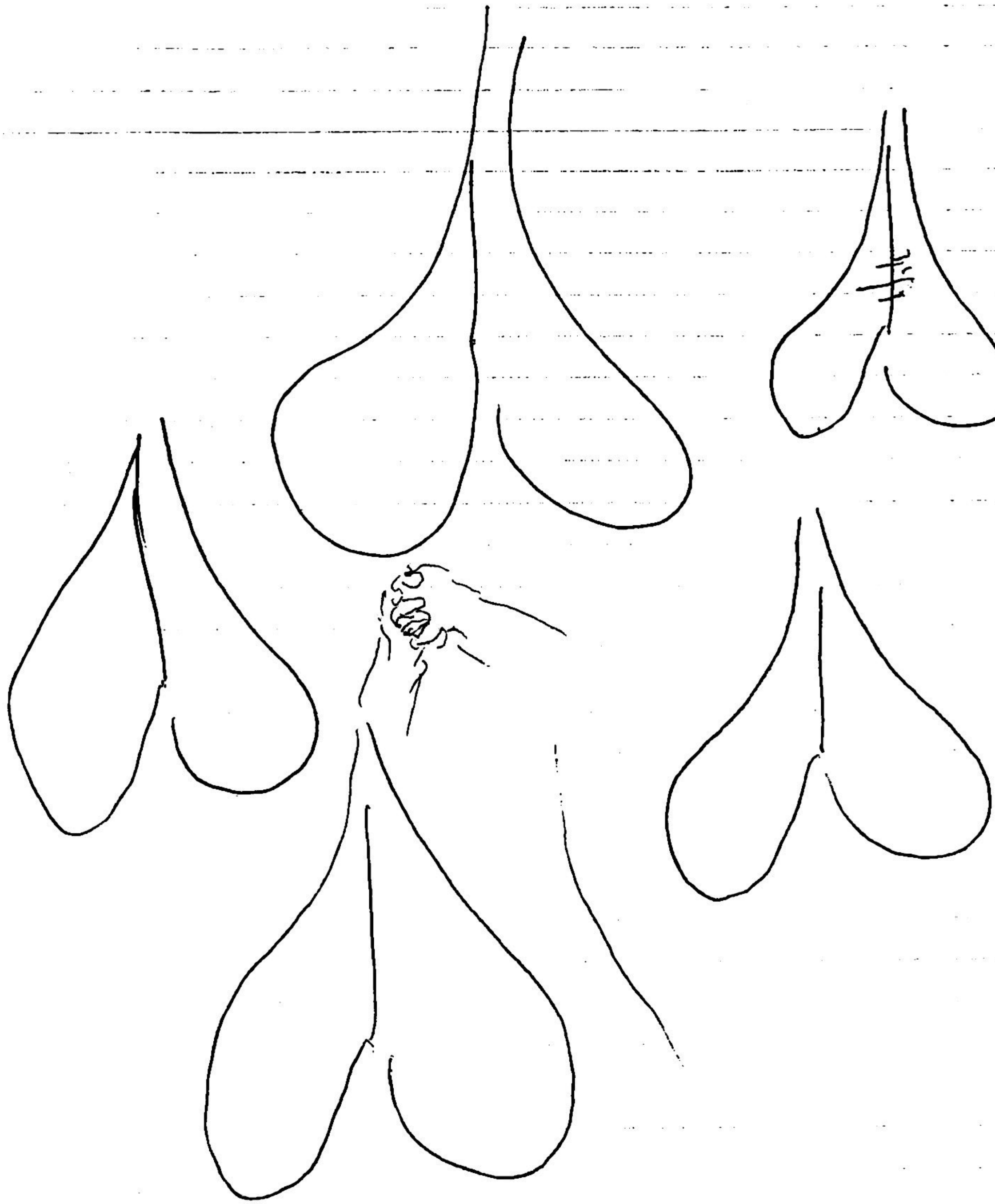
I know it's
wrong
to love
you
but I love
you
so much

existence
over
is
hopeless
that
we have achieved
in existence



I view love the final
battle - the pain of
humanity vs our love



I love you



[redacted] is for the [redacted] joy she gives me

[redacted] is for how she [redacted] me helpboss with her beautiful smile.

[redacted] is for the [redacted] moments she shows me

[redacted] is for the kind love that I've been looking for all my life

[redacted] = [redacted] is the [redacted] of us as a couple.

I hope

[redacted] = How [redacted] is spend time with her

[redacted] = how she is the [redacted] one I love, that I have ever known

[redacted] = I [redacted] is our [redacted] the look of the stars we can beautiful

[redacted] = how [redacted] she is.

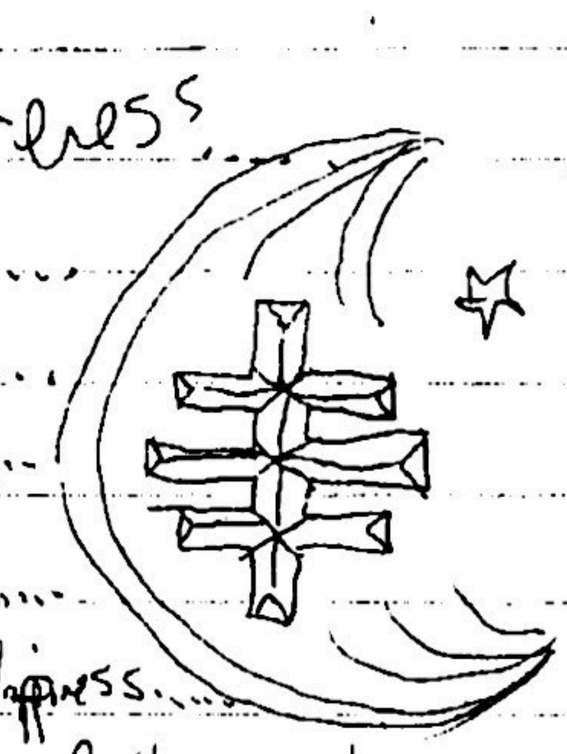
[redacted] = her [redacted] for everything she does

To my love:

As a man, a conqueror does his deeds of
Greatness, He thinks he is complete. Yet, the true
great person achieves happiness only when he
has met ~~the~~ his soulmate; ~~the~~ ~~[redacted]~~
Alone unknown until the first time they look
eyes into eachother. A true love, is hard to come
by, yet the most fulfilling, beautiful, completing
achievement any man can have. Some have wealth
some have power some have great intellect yet, feel
an infinant # of times greater than those 'as'
have found My true love.

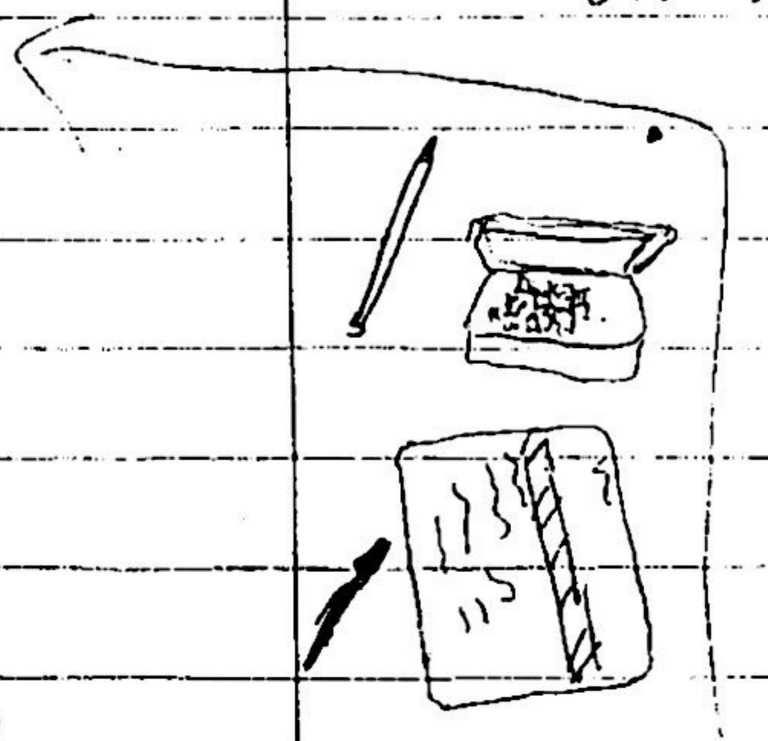
My whole existence is flawed..
U/on get me closer to god.... (NIM)

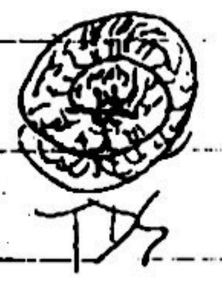
Self-awareness.....
Infinite.....
Existence.....
Knowledge.....
Neutrality.....
Possibility of Happiness.....
Understanding of the everything....



The candle burns,...
the stars set the
mood..... the
smoke fills the room....
the hope is set
thru infinite places
all of purity....

NBK

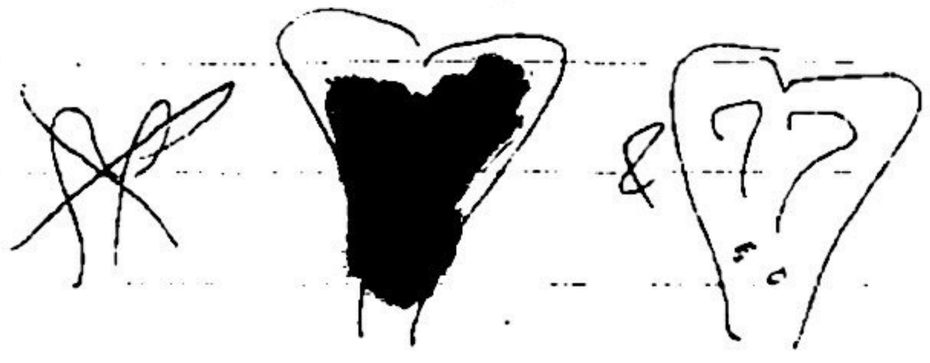


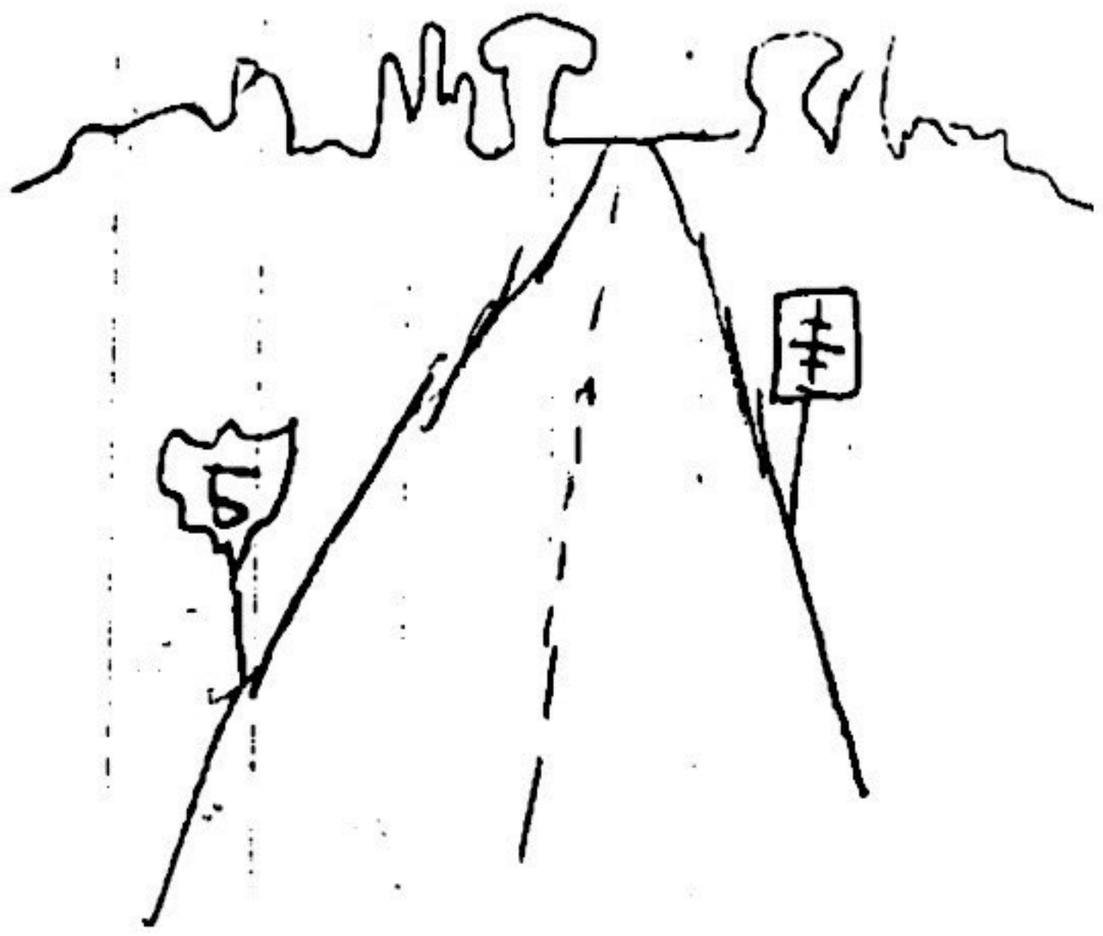


Please don't show this note to anyone.... it was meant only for you.

(Don't tell anyone either)

(You know me...)




5

[redacted], Bam so

sorry... I see i have made you sad & pissed us up somehow...

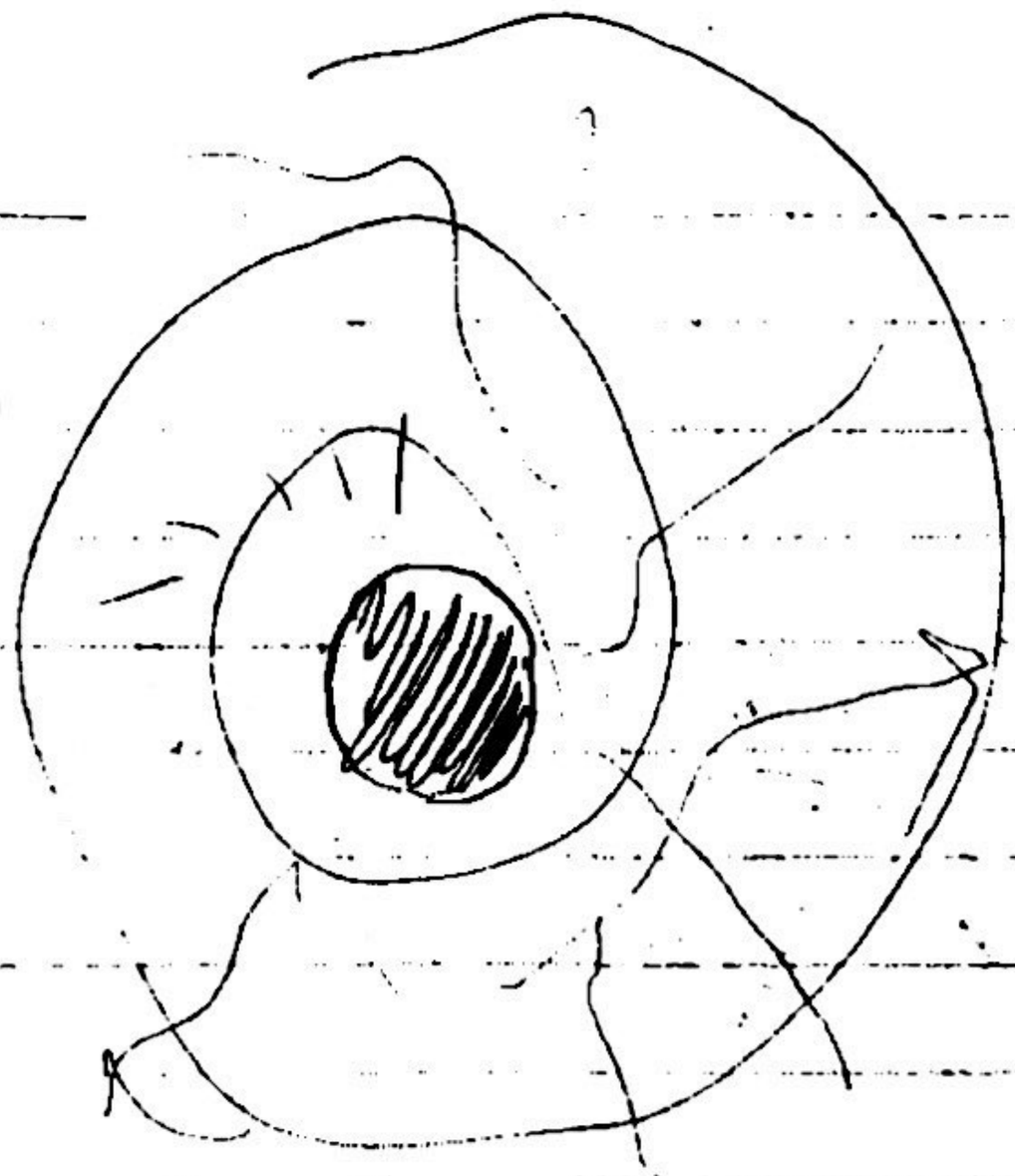
i will try... always... i will change

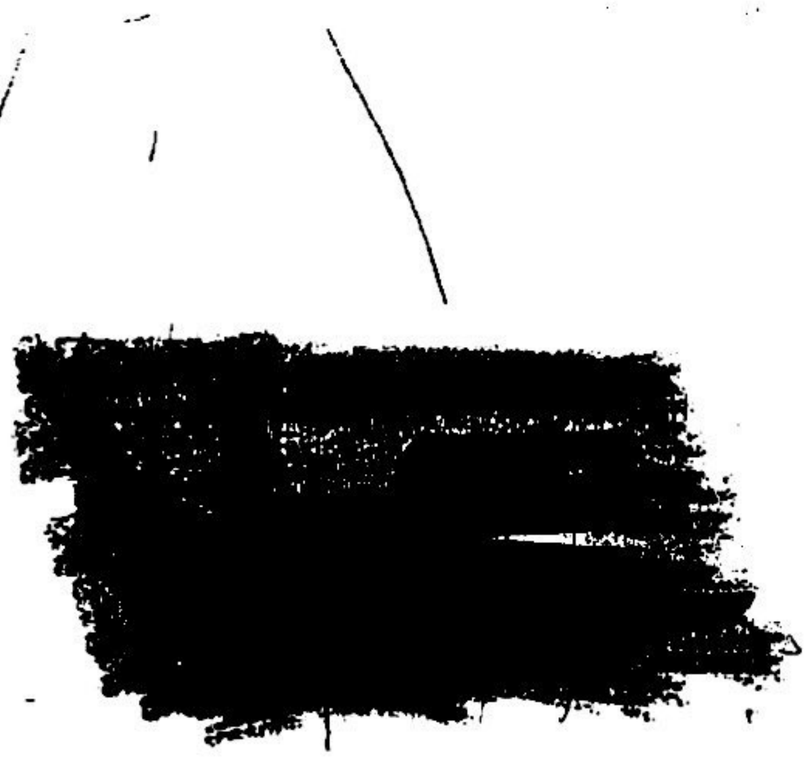
love you please know this...

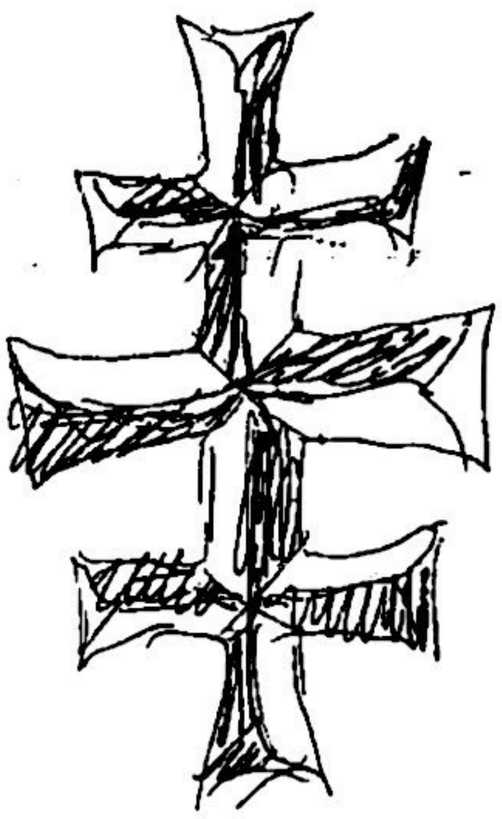
love

[redacted]

love you

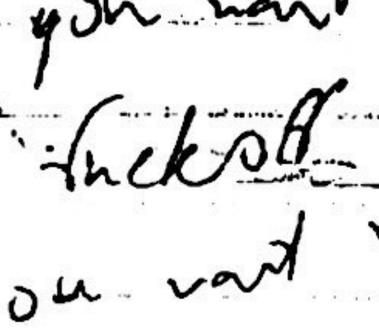




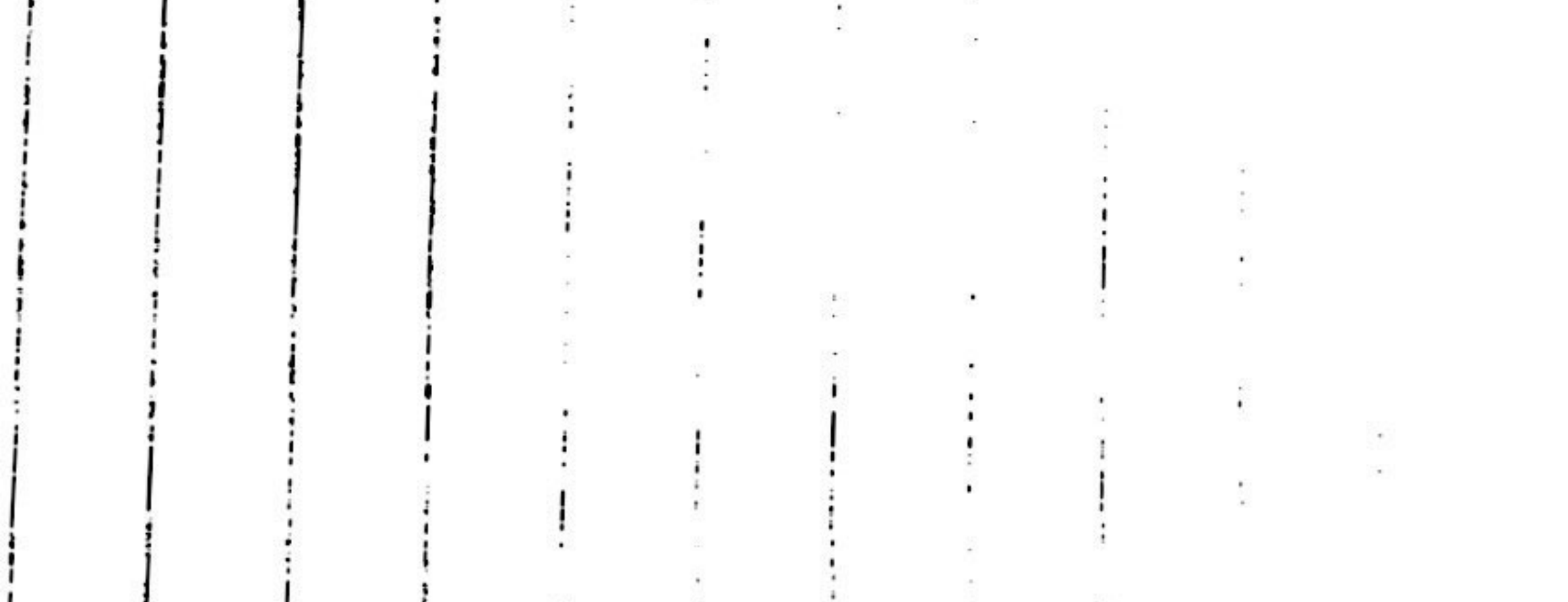


If you don't know who I am I still like you apparently have been pretty brave enough... please don't take offense or worry about this note... if you do know who I am or if you want to anyway, please leave a note in my locker saying whatever you want whether that be telling me to fuck off or else you'll call the cops or if you want to say whatever, just please do me that favor... if you tell me to leave you alone, I will. I like you [redacted] but I won't force that ever.

#837
17-37-9



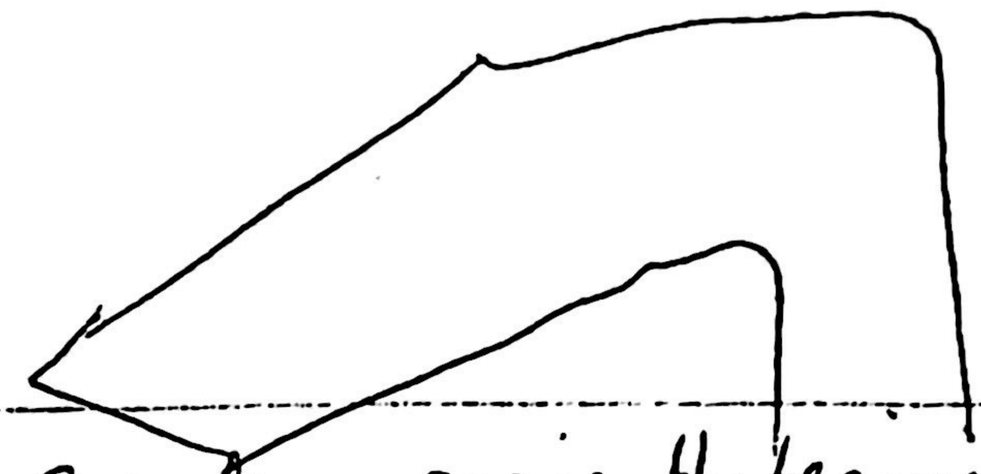
ps (I DID try to call you but you must have



The banality of here & now clouds all that
i see, yet the me, the one, can now extol
the pain & it is dark. 5 more days. 5
A very influential number, another bricke in my
journeyed wall. Humans are zombies, they scratch
for acceptance & greed & kill themselves
from eachother. They will never learn, or maybe
they will, but wont have the streath to learn,
to be aware is not a trait, its a godlike thing
Blessed be. Not a christian, jesus, not, sarai,
Abraham, David, bible gay shit god, but a true
godaller of existence. ✠ was to molecule this way.

These moments will be lost in the depressions
& caverns of the human books forever, like, tears, in
rain, but the thoughts will be eternal. To explain
the happiness is impossible even for fate, & its just
a pure halcyon set to last more existences than
a conceivable number. Stupid gay nigger humans think
in "crazy". or they think in childish. hahaha, because
i cant solve $\int \sin^5 2x \cos^3 x \, dx$. That makes me dumb!
Because i cant stop thinking in a 2nd dimension, i go
to the 5th! haha, so i wait 5 more days. 5 more days.
5 eternitys. & i know he & i are all conceived from
ourselves & ourselves. every night & the self-awareness

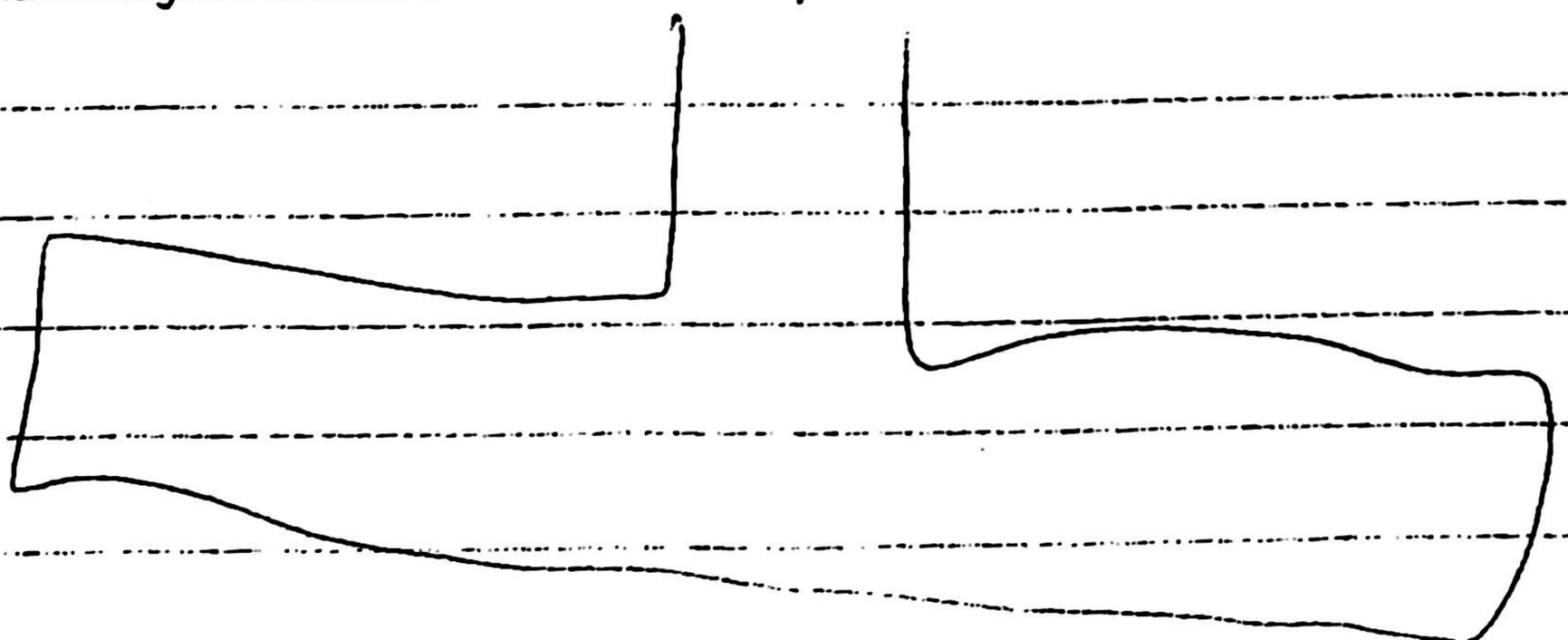
journey, every thought we conceived, we have finished
the race. time to die, everything we knew
we were able to understand it, to perceive it, into
what we should, everything we love, we know &
we, ~~[illegible]~~ an understanding of the everything. An
einstein stuck in an ant's body, we are the nature
of existence. the zombies were right to see
if our love was genuine. we are in exit of our
reward, eachother, the zombies will never cause us pain
anymore, the humanity was a test. I love you love.
Time to die, Time to be free, time to love



1 one day, one is the beginning, ? the end hahaha.
reversed, yet true. About 26.5 hours from now the
judgement will begin. Difficulty but not impossible
regressing, reverse wracking & fun.

What fun is life without
a little doubt?

It's interesting, ~~how~~ when in in any human
form, knowing im going to die. Everything
has a touch of triviality to it, like how
none of this calculus shit matters the way
it should. the truth in 26.4 hours !!!
be dead, & in happiness. Ole little zombie
human bags will grow their arms, & be
forever suffering & miserable, HAHAHA, of course
i will miss things. not really.



Dylan Kolitz
?-?-??
will

WILL

Ok, this is my will. This is a fucking human
thing to do but whatever.

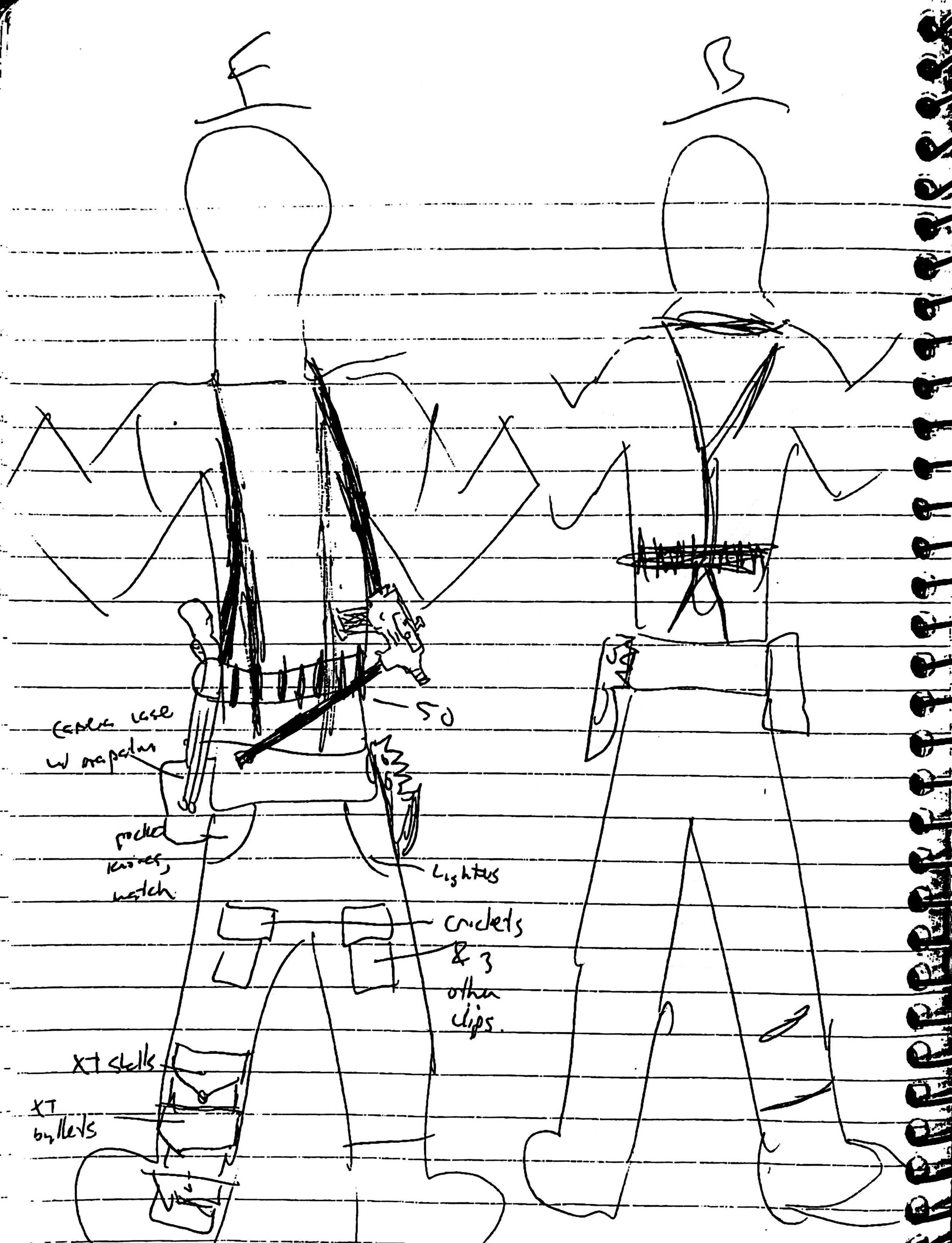
[redacted] - You were a badass, never failed to get
me up when i was down. Thx. You get

FIRST

2

27 PBJs:

V → 1 or 2 grams w. crickets attached
→ All pocket crickets
→ 1 Charlie
3 alpha
2 beta
3 delta
1 exo
1 echo
1 bite
Snapshots
Sos
oil
in
pouch


Cables lose w magnets
pocket knife, watch
50
Lighters
crickets & 3 other clips
XT shells
XT bullets

walk in, set bombs at 11:09, for 11:17

Leave, ~~set car bombs~~.

Drive to cleaners. Park. Clean up.

Get back by 11:15

Park cars, set car bombs for 11:18

get out. go to outside hill, wait.

when first bombs go off, attack.

Have fun!

V R V 2P R 2P

BP, with...

phones

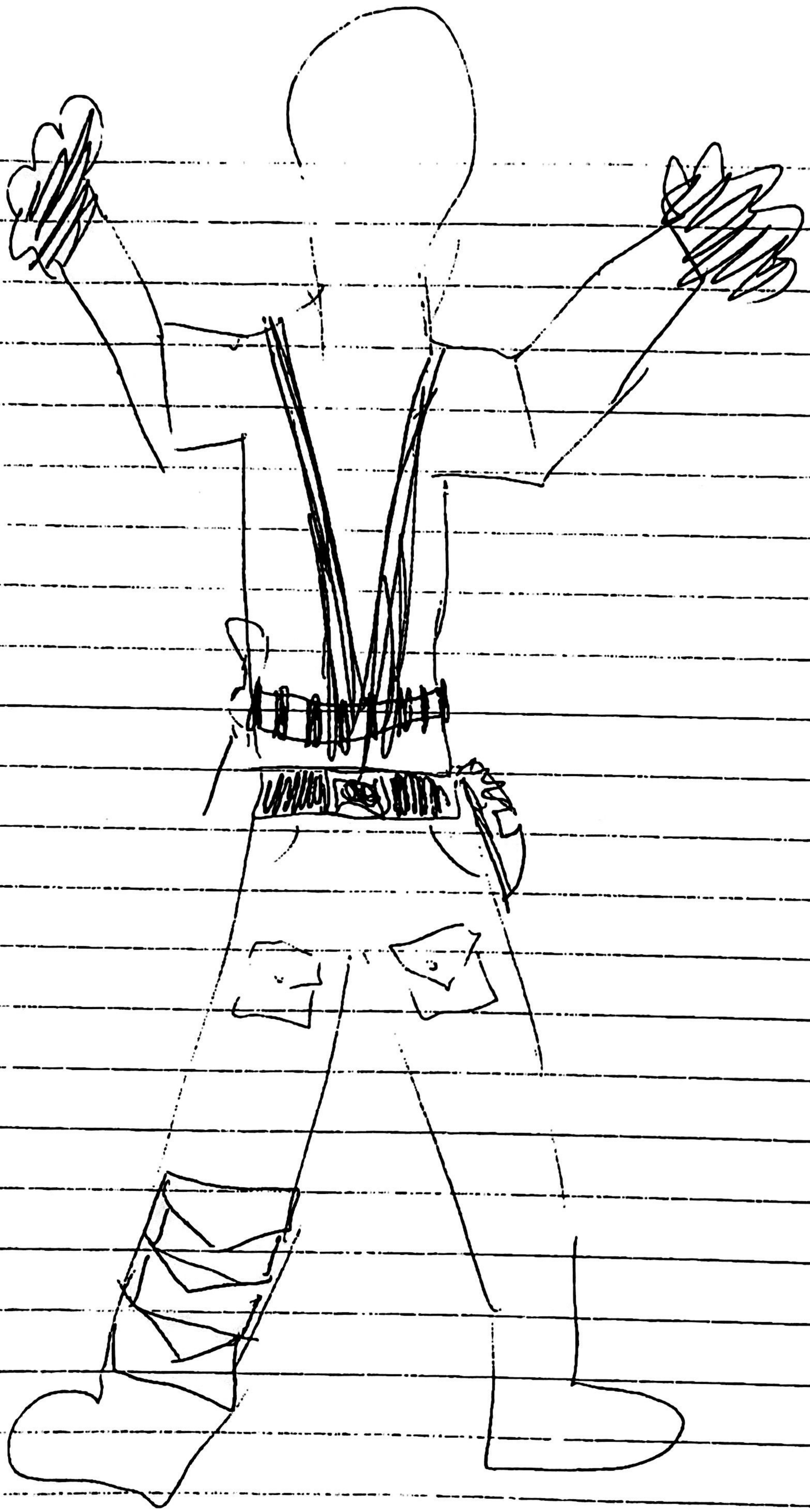
sports gear/oil tanks

Duffel bags...

Wind

Blanket

— blankets surrounding shit / books, sportsshit, etc.

to the kitty litter tracks — MRAPI,

MRAP over.